

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR—HAVELOCK.

EDITORIAL.

THERE is no department in life which has not been honored by men eminent for their Christian worth. The ripest scholar and the profoundest philosopher have voluntarily laid their laurels at the feet of Christ. Adorning their various walks in life, and shedding fresh luster upon the Christian name, we have the Christian statesman, lawyer, physician, merchant—honored alike in the Church and among men.

The name of Henry Havelock is redolent of the most invincible heroism as a soldier and the most exalted devotion as a Christian. We therefore take him as representing the Christian warrior. Exalted as was his Christian character, he seems never to have thought that there was any thing in such a character inconsistent with the profession of arms—legitimately employed to sustain a Christian government. Our own brief experience as a nation in this wicked rebellion has demonstrated that the truest and most reliable soldiers are those who are imbued with the strength of Christian principle and the ardor of Christian faith. No Christian man, unless treason in his heart has blinded his understanding, can for a moment doubt that this war for the defense of the Government is one of the most righteous wars in which any nation has been involved. There probably was never an army of such magnitude before which embodied in its ranks so many Christian men. They go forth from their homes and their Church communion to toil, to fight, and to die if need be for their country. The sympathies, prayers, and benedictions of the Church at home go out after them.

Pertinent to the times then is the study of the Christian warrior—how he fought and how he prayed, how he lived and how he died. Its lessons will be suggestive to those who are in the

field. They will not be without instruction to those who are at home.

Henry Havelock was born April 5th, 1795. He was descended from an ancient and wealthy family, though his father was somewhat reduced by unfortunate events in his business. Young Havelock was favored with the best advantages of education, and among his bosom school companions were numbered William Norris, afterward Chief Justice of Ceylon; Julius Charles Hare, late Archdeacon of Sussex; and Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, afterward author of "Ion," and late Justice of the Common Pleas. His schoolmates applied to him the *sobriquet* of "Old Phloes." This, together with the companions with whom he associated, is sufficiently indicative of his early character.

The religious element also strongly marked his early character. Under the instructions of his mother, with whom he constantly studied the Bible, he received in his earlier years those religious impressions which molded his whole character and shaped his whole life. He bears the affecting testimony that "these instructions continued to be his support and solace through life." At the age of nine or ten, when a pupil at the Charter House, he says of himself that "there were indications of the striving of God's Spirit for the mastery over his soul." In 1806 he and four of his intimate friends were in the habit of seeking the seclusion of one of the sleeping-rooms for devotional exercises. This they did, though certain of being branded if detected with the "opprobrious epithet of Methodist and canting hypocrite." His mother had designed him for the law, and he prosecuted the study for a time under that celebrated special pleader, Chitty. His tastes, however, were military. William, his older brother, had already gained distinction in the British army. Napier, in his official dispatches, speaks of him as "one of the most chivalrous officers in the service."

At the battle of Waterloo his brother conducted himself with his accustomed gallantry and won still greater laurels. Through his influence Henry obtained a commission as second lieutenant, and was soon attached to the company of Sir Harry Smith, who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular campaigns, and to whose professional instructions Havelock always referred with feelings of gratitude.

Having entered upon his chosen career, he now studied the art of war with the most intense assiduity. He read every military memoir and history within his reach. He became familiar with every memorable battle and siege of ancient or modern times, and examined the detail and the result of every movement in the field with the eye of a soldier. His great aim was to master the principles of the art of war. To increase his stock of knowledge and add to its accuracy, he traveled through England, Scotland, and Ireland, and subsequently visited France and Italy, examining with the eye of a scientific soldier all the fields on which great actions had been fought. While in India he frequently delighted his friends by fighting over again the memorable battles of Napoleon, calling up from memory the strength and disposition of each division of the contending forces, and tracing on paper their successive movements till he came to the critical movement which in his opinion decided the fate of the day.

In 1823 Havelock was transferred to the Thirteenth light infantry, destined for India. For this service he diligently prepared himself by studying the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, with the same ardor and success as he had before prosecuted the study of military science. His early religious impressions had been weakened, though never effaced, by the unfavorable position into which he was thrown on entering the army, and by the associations of the mess-room, where the liveliness of his disposition exposed him to many temptations. In the vessel in which he embarked was a young officer of the same regiment, a man of deep piety and much religious experience. Havelock was not long in making his acquaintance, and it soon ripened into the strongest attachment. They became inseparable companions, and the ample leisure of the voyage was passed in those evangelical communings which renewed and deepened his earlier religious convictions. This excellent person was influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal, by his works, of Christianity in earnest, and with this determination he landed in Calcutta. The leading principle of his life was the "performance of duty," and henceforward he was influenced by the resolution, from which he never swerved, that his duty to God and his

Redeemer should be the spring of action. That decision of character which distinguished him through life was now brought to bear on his religious profession, and it served to raise him at once above the influence of a timid policy in the avowal and support of his evangelical views.

In April, 1824, the first Burmese war broke out. His corps, the Thirteenth, was ordered on this service, and mustered more than a thousand strong, when assembled for embarkation, but brought back scarcely a fifth of that number from the scene of war. Havelock, though nearly at the bottom of the lieutenants, had exhibited such military knowledge as to secure him an appointment on the general staff of the army, and he proceeded to Rangoon as deputy-assistant adjutant-general. He took part in the actions in and about the commercial capital. At the beginning of 1826, when Sir Archibald Campbell was within forty miles of Ava, the Burmese monarch felt the necessity of accepting the terms of peace which had been offered, and the treaty was signed by his plenipotentiaries at Yandaboo. Havelock was one of the commission that visited Ava, the capital of the Burman Empire, to receive the king's ratification of the treaty. Here he made the personal acquaintance of Pr. Judson, the apostle of Burmah, who had been released from his long and cruel imprisonment in the death-prison at Ava, on the approach of the British army. During all this campaign Havelock had continued the religious instruction of his men with the most gratifying results. One illustration must suffice. On an occasion of great and sudden emergency the general-in-chief ordered out a particular regiment. The report brought back was that a large part of the men were drunk, and that the regiment was not ready, being steeped in liquor. "Then," said he, "call out Havelock's saints"—the name by which the pious soldiers were designated in the army—"they are always sober, and can be depended on, and Havelock is always ready." The saints got under arms with promptitude, and the enemy was repulsed. To this period also belongs the interesting anecdote of the Shwey Dagoon Pagoda. That vast and magnificent temple is the great ornament of the town of Rangoon. On the occupation of the town Havelock obtained permission to select one of its side chambers for the devotional exercises of his little congregation. An officer passing near the spot one evening heard sounds of psalmody, and, having found his way to the spot from which they issued, found, on entering the room, that the soldiers had lighted it up by placing an oil lamp in the lap of each of the images of Boodh, which were planted in a sitting posture around it, and in the

center of the room was Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book, surrounded by more than a hundred men, singing the praises of Jehovah in this pagan temple.

On his return from Burmah to India he was appointed adjutant to the depot of troops formed in the vicinity of Serampore. His residence here afforded an opportunity of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with the missionaries at Serampore, which he did not fail to improve. On the 9th of February, 1829, he was married to the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman; but even this most interesting and absorbing event in the course of a man's life could not divert his mind from what he considered the "obligations of duty." He had been summoned to attend a court-martial at Fort William on the morning appointed for the wedding. Instead of sending an excuse, he thought it his duty to go down to Calcutta, and proceeded from the altar to the boat, which conveyed him in two hours to the fort, and, having completed his duty as a member of the court, he returned to the wedding feast in the evening.

The religious character of Havelock at this period is thus described by one who knew him well: "He was a Christian, not as men now usually are, according a faint belief of the doctrines taught in childhood, but a man of the true old Puritan stamp—a man who really believed, and who, seeing the path of duty, held consequences as light as air. His piety underlay his entire character. There could be but one path, that of duty, and, therefore, he was never indecisive. There could be but one object of fear, sin, and personal danger was as the idle wind. There could be but one who ruled, that was the most high God; wherefore exultation and despondency were alike impossible." His was a cool, calm, well-considered determination to live godly in Christ Jesus, and not a mere sanctimoniousness. How he nurtured Christian piety in his heart will appear from the testimony of a brother officer: "He invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six he rose at four; if at four he rose at two." Thus he took time to be *alone with his God*. In this communion he renewed his strength for the duties and trials of the day, whatever they might be. It was then that he found that the secret of the Lord was with him, and girding up his loins he felt that, whether living or dying, he was the Lord's. He was also a man of practical Christian benevolence. He practically acknowledged his obligation to lay *one-tenth* of all his income on God's altar, and no service did he perform more faithfully or cheerfully, and yet always

without ostentation. Even when his salary as a subaltern was small, and his family expenses continually growing, never did he excuse himself from this obligation. God's suffering poor were often relieved by his benefactions. He also contributed largely to the missionary cause and to the building of chapels.

That such a man often incurred the enmity of the corrupt and profligate officers of the Government, and that obstacles were thrown in the way of his promotion, notwithstanding his eminent and acknowledged attainments and his personal bravery, will not occasion surprise. In 1833 he passed examination, and was qualified for staff employ. Soon after he was appointed interpreter to her Majesty's Sixteenth, foot. The same year he was appointed to the adjutancy of the Thirteenth by Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of India. The most vigorous opposition was made to this appointment, originating in the antipathy of many of the Government officials to the religious character of Havelock. Mrs. Havelock in person interceded with Lord Bentinck, and in making the appointment he remarked to her "that the adjutant must not also be his own chaplain." The hint, however, was lost upon Havelock. He feared God rather than man.

It was not till 1838 that he was promoted to a captain, after having served twenty-three years as a subaltern. It required more than ordinary Christian magnanimity to repress a sigh at the sight of men purchasing over his head, and leaving him behind at the head of the lieutenants, who were in their cradle when he entered the army; but, however keenly he felt these disappointments, he never repined. He felt that his course was ordered by Divine Providence, and that it was his province to perform his *duty* in whatever sphere he might be placed. In that year came on the war in Affghanistan, and Havelock's old friend and commander, Sir Willoughby Cotton, appointed him aid-de-camp on his staff, and he marched with the army of the Indus through the Bolan pass to Kandahar, and was present at the storming of Ghuznee, and the occupation of Cabul. He then obtained permission to visit the presidency, and returned to India through the Punjab, and had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Ventura, Court, Avitabili, and the other French generals whom Runjeet Sing had employed in the organization of his splendid army. Avitabili, who ruled Peshawur and the district around it with a rod of iron, entertained, with boundless hospitality, the whole body of British officers returning to the provinces, after the triumphant subjugation of Affghanistan. Havelock, in after years, often alluded to the

Persian couplet inscribed over the door of his dining-room, to which, amidst this scene of festivity, the French general pointed his attention, that "the morning might begin with a bright sun, and yet the evening be darkened with storms," to illustrate the mutability of human affairs. Two years afterward Havelock entered the same room, after the destruction of 13,000 men in the passes, and the loss of British prestige in Afghanistan and Central Asia, and his host again pointed to these memorable lines.

After the war in Burmah had terminated Havelock published a volume entitled "The Ava Campaigns." On his arrival at Serampore he prepared for the press his "History of the War in Afghanistan," for which he had been making notes during the campaign. It is a complete professional narrative of those important operations. The descriptions are vivid, and the military commentaries on every movement showed the more mature judgment of the soldier. After having made arrangements for the publication of the work in England, he returned to Cabul in 1840, in command of a large detachment of troops, joining General Elphinstone's escort and convoy at Ferozepore. On his arrival at Cabul he was appointed Persian interpreter to the general, and renewed with the envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, the intimacy which had commenced thirty-five years before at the Charter House. Little did they dream, when taking leave of each other in 1811, that their next meeting would be beyond the Indus in the capital of Afghanistan. At Cabul, Havelock again established religious worship among the soldiers whom he should collect together, and his services were the more valuable as there was no chaplain or minister of religion with the large British force in Afghanistan, so that a young lady, whom Havelock had conveyed up to Cabul, was married to her intended husband by the envoy himself.

The overweening confidence fostered by a hundred years of triumph led the British to disregard the monitions of the storm again gathering in Afghanistan. Their force was weakened by the withdrawal of troops to India at the eleventh hour. This was the signal for rising. The British adherents at Cabul were destroyed, and the troops were able to maintain themselves against the general insurrection only at two points. Havelock was sent to Sir Robert Sale's camp, and assisted at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul pass. He returned with dispatches to Cabul, through the disturbed districts at the imminent peril of his life. He was again sent back to Sale's army, and was engaged in the affair of Tazeen. Sir Robert, who thoroughly appreciated the value of his services, detained

him with the force that moved on, every day engaged with the enemy, and fighting its way inch by inch, to Gundamuck. There they received intelligence of the outburst of the insurrection at Cabul, and fell back on Jellalabad, when the memorable siege of that place commenced, in which Havelock bore so conspicuous a part. The fortifications were in a state of complete dilapidation, and they were immediately surrounded by swarms of the enemy. Through the masterly skill of Major George Broadfoot the defenses were diligently repaired, the troops working with the utmost alacrity, night and day. On the day the works were completed and made too strong for any Asiatic force to take without artillery, Havelock proposed to call the whole garrison together for the purpose of offering thanksgiving to Almighty God. The proposition was readily agreed to, and the command given. The troops were assembled, and stood awaiting the next order. The well-known voice of Havelock was now heard saying, "Let us pray." Down before the presence of the God of armies and of nations the soldiers reverently bowed, one and all of them, while Havelock poured forth from a full heart praise and thanksgiving for their providential deliverance, and made supplication for the continued grace and mercy of the Most High. When an hour of Christian triumph was that—a great army looking up reverently to the Christian hero as their spiritual intercessor, and many of the very officers who had scoffed at him as a fanatic now penitently bowing upon their knees while he led the solemn devotions of the hour!

It was during the advance with Sir Robert Sale's brigade that one of those singular incidents occurred which often marked Havelock's movements. He was proverbially fearless. He had moved out to reconnoiter a narrow pass; the enemy from the heights were pouring down a shower of bullets on him while he coolly made his observations, apparently unconscious of his danger till a horseman, detached by the commanding officer, galloped up to him with peremptory orders to return. Twice before Christmas did the gallant garrison of Jellalabad sally out and utterly defeat the assailants in the open field. On the 13th of January a solitary horseman, on a jaded horse, was seen to bend his way across the plain toward the fortress. The gate was opened to receive him, and it proved to be Dr. Bayfield, the only survivor, with the exception of Akbar Khan's prisoners, of the army of Afghanistan. Including camp followers, 13,000 men had perished under the weapons of the enemy and the snows of the mountain passes. Akbar Khan, having thus destroyed the British force at

Cabul, laid close siege to Jellalabad, but he was without artillery, and the garrison could only be starved out. About the middle of February a succession of earthquakes, of which more than a hundred shocks were counted, leveled the fortifications and destroyed the labor of fifteen weeks. The town was in a great measure laid open to assault, but the defenses were restored with incredible exertions and speed. For two months more, however, the garrison looked in vain for relief. The command of the reinforcements had been at first intrusted to incompetent men, and it was not till Sir George Pollock entered the passes with fresh troops that any progress was made. The garrison was constrained to depend for the means of subsistence chiefly on successful forays. Reports were now industriously spread abroad by the enemy that the relieving force had been driven back. Those in command at Jellalabad became disheartened, and it was with great difficulty that the generals could keep up the spirits of the men. The master spirit in all these efforts was Havelock. It was determined to make one more attack on the enemy in the hope of breaking up his force. The troops were divided into three columns; the right was given to Havelock, and he advanced toward Akbar Khan's army expecting to be fully supported by the two other columns; but they were unfortunately detained on the route, and the brunt of the action fell on his column, which gallantly sustained two charges of cavalry from the enemy. The honor of defeating Akbar Khan on the memorable 7th of April, 1842, belongs to Havelock, as the enemy were in full retreat before the other divisions came up. The illustrious garrison of Jellalabad thus achieved its own relief before the reinforcements arrived. For his gallant conduct Havelock was promoted to a brevet Majorship, and received "the companionship of the Bath."

On the arrival of General Pollock with reinforcements the gallant Havelock was appointed his Persian interpreter, and accompanied what was popularly styled the "Army of Retribution" to Cabul, and was again engaged with the enemy at Mamoo Kail and at Tazeen. The capital was reoccupied in triumph. Havelock was then attached to the infantry division as deputy-assistant adjutant-general, and he was sent into the Kohistan to reduce the town of Istaliff, situated on the declivity of a hill. General M'Kaskill, who commanded the division, left all the arrangements of the attack to Havelock's skill, and he dwells with delight in his letters to his relatives on the opportunity he now enjoyed, for the first time after twenty-seven years of soldiering, of organizing a great military movement, as he said,

out of his own brain. The town was carried with little loss, through the admirable combinations of Havelock's strategy, and the affair at Istaliff was considered one of the most brilliant of the campaign. While Havelock furnished the brains that planned and guided the campaign, and really bore its burdens and performed its labor, M'Kaskill, the general commanding, was careful to secure for himself the whole honor of it. To this, without a murmuring word, Havelock patiently submitted, resting in the assurance that he had done his duty, and calmly relying upon God for the future.

Soon after this the captives whom Akbar Khan had conveyed to the distant fortress of Bamean, were rescued by a rapid and successful march, and the officers, ladies, and children, whose fate had occasioned the most intense anxiety for many months, were received back with ecstasy at Cabul. Here Havelock had the pleasure of welcoming, as if from the grave, his gallant nephew, Lieutenant Williams, a grandson of Dr. Marshman, of whom no tidings had been heard for many months. Williams had gone through all the hardships of the siege of Ghuznee for four months, and on the surrender of the fortress, for want of water, fell into the hands of Ameenoola, the Afghan sirdar, who transferred him to the custody of Akbar Khan, by whom he was sent to join the other prisoners. As the relieved captives came up before the Cabul garrison, Havelock inquired whether Lieutenant Henry Marshman Williams was among them, on which a tall, gaunt figure, with a beard of a twelvemonth's growth, and a sheepskin over his shoulder, stepped forward and said, "Here I am, uncle." By his side stood the late chivalrous General Nicholson, then his junior in the regiment, whose name has been immortalized by the capture of Delhi. Afghanistan was evacuated; the troops retired to India, and were received at the bridge of the Sutlege by Lord Ellenborough with the most distinguished honors. Havelock returned to regimental duty with his old corps, the Thirteenth, at Kussowlie.

The quiet of camp life was not long to be enjoyed by Havelock. He was promoted to the Majorship of his regiment, and soon after appointed Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief. Emboldened by the reverses in Afghanistan, the Gwalior durbar began to manifest a spirit of resistance which it was necessary to subdue. An army, under the immediate command of Sir Hugh Gough, crossed the Chumbul. A severe and decisive action was fought at Muharajpore, in which Havelock bore a conspicuous part by the side of the Commander-in-Chief. On the conclusion of hostilities he made

the tour of the native States in company with his commander, and then returned to Simlah. Havelock was now promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet, having seen twenty-two years in the East India service, and being about fifty years of age.

In 1845 there came first the alarm and then the event of a Sikh invasion. The dark clouds which had collected in the Punjaub became more threatening. The Governor-General hastened to the north-west from Calcutta; Sir Hugh Gough descended from the hills. The rulers at Lahore, no longer able to control their turbulent battalions, let them loose on the British dominions, and 80,000 men crossed the Sutlej to pour a stream of desolation over the provinces. The British troops advanced to repel the invasion, and the first clash of arms occurred at the battle of Moodkee, where the native Sepoys for the first time encountered and recoiled from the shock of the Sikhs. Havelock was directed by Sir Hugh Gough to stem the flight; some of the fugitives were brought up, and they both placed themselves at the head of the rallied troops, advanced to the charge, and turned the scale. In this arduous engagement Havelock had two horses shot under him. After the battle, exhausted with fatigue, he rode up to a well and slaked his thirst copiously, while his horse refused to taste the water. It had been poisoned by the Sikhs, and it was long before his constitution recovered from the effect of that deleterious draught.

The successive victories of the British troops at Ferozeshuhur, Aliwal, and Sobraon closed the campaign and the war. In the first and last of these great battles Havelock took a distinguished part. In the last, while in the thickest of the fight, his horse was struck down by a cannon-ball, which also passed through his saddle-cloth. He marvelously escaped unhurt. At the close of the campaign he returned with the Commander-in-Chief to Simlah, and was soon after appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General of Queen's troops at Bombay, and proceeded to that presidency by way of Calcutta. He spent some days at Serampore, where he found his mother-in-law, the widow of Dr. Marshman, gently descending to the grave at the advanced age of eighty, forty-five of which had been passed in active and disinterested exertions for the support of the mission. He took leave of her for the last time, and embarked for his new post. But he had not been long at Bombay before his health began to fail, which he attributed in a great measure to the poison introduced into his system at the well at Moodkee. He was constrained, therefore, to visit Muhabuleshur, and his health was partially

restored, but the debility returned in the succeeding year, and he went a second time to the Hills, determined, if possible, to continue another year at his post.

The second Sikh war broke out in 1848. Havelock, much against his will, was ordered peremptorily to remain at Bombay, the state of his health being such as to preclude him from active service in the field. In 1849 his health continued to be so seriously impaired that he was ordered by his medical advisers to England, and sailed October the 3d of that year. In England he received the consideration due to his distinguished character. He was presented at the levee at St. James by the Duke of Wellington. A cadetship was also conferred upon his oldest son, and other marks of honor showed that the services of more than a quarter of a century were not unappreciated.

Havelock's health was never fully regained. But it was improved by respite from the arduous duties of his station and his visit to England. His life was thus prolonged for those still more eminent services in the late Sepoy rebellion, which made him not only the hero of that war, but has placed his name imperishably among the heroes of the world and the benefactors of mankind.

His participation in these events will furnish the subject of another paper.

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

I THANK thee, O my Father,
That thou call'st me to thy love.
And bad'st me lay up riches
In the treasury above,
Ere the world with its deception,
And its vanity, and snares,
Had filled my heart with sorrow
And my path with many cares.

For now when tempests gather
And the sky of life looks dark,
I see a beacon shining
That will guide my fragile bark;
And I hear a voice still saying,
Though there comes no human aid,
"Faint not thou amid the breakers:
It is I, be not afraid."

So when I draw near the portals
Of that city of the blest,
Where the angel bands are chanting
An eternity of rest;
When the dawn of heaven is breaking
And the earth-scenes from me fade,
May I hear that voice still saying,
"It is I, be not afraid!"

THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

BY REV. D. J. HOLMES.

MINISTERS are of four kinds—theologians, preachers, pastors, and—fogs, nondescripts. Theologians are for the library, preachers for the pulpit, pastors for the fireside. Theologians are *learned* men, preachers are *smart* men, pastors are *good* men. Theologians speak deep words, preachers speak shining words, pastors speak kind words. Depth in the theologian, vehemence in the preacher, good-nature in the pastor.

Theologians draw their strength from books and roll it into argument; preachers draw their strength from experience and human nature and weave it into sentiments; pastors draw their strength from their piety and spend a large per centum of it in warm-hearted visits. Reflection makes the theologian, imagination makes the preacher, sympathy the pastor.

The ambition of the theologian is to be appreciated by the wise; the ambition of the preacher is to be admired by the masses; the ambition of the pastor is to be loved by his parish. God knows which is best.

As to heat, the sermon of the theologian resembles a kettle of warm hickory ashes on a Winter's morning; there is fire in it, but it is scattered and unavailing, not enough for the shovel and too specky for the tongs. As to heart, the sermon of the preacher resembles a raging furnace, in which the faculties of his soul and the material of his subject have turned the flame, and the speaker stands like Moore's fire-king,

"A spirit of fire,
Shrined in its own grand element."

As to texts, the preacher takes a text for the juice in it; the theologian takes a text for the knots in it. The preacher takes a text for the meat in it; the theologian takes a text for the bone in it. The preacher delves for ore, the theologian for specimens.

As to ornament, the preacher seeks to deck truth in all the beautiful robes of creative genius—the rich plush, the warm, glowing colors of the gifted imagination. Theologians, like metaphysicians, affect to despise ornament, and, in order to be sure to have nothing but the naked truth, I have sometimes thought they stripped too deep and—skinned it. The preacher may have too much cracker to his whip; the theologian neither lash nor cracker—nothing but stock.

As to strength, the strength of the theologian's sermon is like the strength of thread—in the *twist*. The strength of the preacher's sermon is

like the strength of the butcher, in his ability to string up a subject, take the coat off it, the insides out of it, cut it down, cut it up, pack it in the flesh pot, swing it over the fire, keep you interested till it is done, and then serve it to you in smoking exhortation, causing your ears to tingle, and your hearts to burn, and your souls to rejoice as you eat of the fat, and drink of the sweet, and put portions on the silver shelves of memory for those who were not at the feast.

Preaching is *not* foolishness. If preaching is foolishness then preaching is trash, and if preaching is trash then preaching is a nuisance, and if preaching is a nuisance then it needs to be abated; but it is not a nuisance, because it offends nobody—there is too much milk and water about much of it to offend any body. Preaching is not trash, for if it was there would be more to come and hear it, there would not be in so many churches such a beggarly array of empty benches. Preaching differs from wisdom only as the egg differs from the bird, the acorn from the oak, the wiggling grub in the rain-barrel from the droning musketo in the air—the latter is the former matured, and wisdom is nothing but preaching of one kind or another gone to seed.

Yet in another sense preaching is foolishness. No amount of head-work can make the heart right. Philosophy is of small account in matters of religion. Rich thoughts, bright figures, noble maxims, splendid periods are but the tawdry husks of preaching. No art nor wisdom can summon Christ into the soul. Faith and unction come by none of these. Brains are good, intellect is good, eloquence is good, knowledge is good, philosophy is good, but the saving power of preaching looks to none of these. "These be the waxen wings of reason whereby divers great learned men have striven to fly up to the mysteries of the Deity, and in the strife soon been lost in an interminable maze of contradictions."

Yet in a second sense preaching is foolishness. No liquid can rise higher than its fountain, and preaching is a river of thought, whose spring-head is the Bible, and the Bible is full of foolishness. Simple means, sublime effects. The clay and spittle wherewith Christ anointed the eyes of the blind—what foolishness! His injunction to those he cured not to tell any body—what foolishness! The marching of the hosts of Israel thirteen times around the walls of Jericho without doing any thing but tooting horns and trumpets—what foolishness! The story of Jonah; making an ax swim; the order the great man received to bathe seven times in Jordan for the leprosy—what foolishness! The foolishness of

these things is the foolishness of preaching—simple means, sublime effects.

But this kind of foolishness is not confined to the poor old Bible. Science is full of it. It is foolishness to believe a little zinc, copper, and acid can make wire think and carry thought to the ends of the earth quickly as a sensation is flying from the ends of your finger to your brain. It is foolishness to believe the kitchen steam that lazily rises into lazy clouds can be the arcana for the empire forces of the earth. It is foolishness to believe the earth is round when we can see it is flat. It is foolishness to credit the beauty of pinks and tulips to the dung-hill, or to expect clouds to become daisies.

Nature, too, is full of this kind of foolishness. It is foolishness makes the needle bow with trembling reverence to the pole. It is foolishness provides the milk in the breast of the fond new mother. It is foolishness that guides the wild geese to their Arctic home. It is foolishness makes the tides obey the moon. It is foolishness that in a few weeks will bead all the corn tops with little seeds which will have to fall on the beautiful silk before a single ear can form—what foolishness is all this immense waste of sublime contrivance too great for the mind to fathom! What millions upon millions of birds are doomed to sing where no mortal ear can drink their music! What myriads upon myriads of flowers are doomed to blush where no mortal eye can admire their beauty! What myriads upon myriads of insects are "fearfully and wonderfully made," as the human body, yet so small that a thousand can float side by side through the eye of a needle! What foolishness that the anamalcule of a water-drop should reveal sublimer evidences of Almighty Wisdom than the brightest orb that swings in ether! In all this we may learn a beautiful analogy between the economy of creation and the economy of the Cross. In the former we behold, as it were, a sublime waste of the Divine energy; in the latter we behold, as it were, a sublime waste of the Divine essence. Both seem foolishness. But the life and immortality brought to light by Christ in the Gospel is the same kind of foolishness as the life and endless range of vitalized mechanism brought to light by the microscope. We ought to be careful how we gainsay the truth of the former, for the simple reason that we *can not* gainsay the truth of the latter.

In a third sense preaching is foolishness—in its lack of effect. One of the prophets gives a graphic description of this feature of preaching. "Alas, thou son of man, the children of thy people still are talking against thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one

to another, every one to his neighbor, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord. And they come and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not."

We preach, and preach, and preach, but who lays it to heart? Do more stay into class meeting for our preaching? Who thinks less of the world for it? Who is nerved by it to withstand the pressure of temptation? Who is stronger for it? Who is more of a man for it? Who leads a purer life for it? Above all, who is persuaded by it to become a Christian? Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Week after week the poor preacher must take up the mournful inquiry, Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the name of the Lord revealed?

As preachers, hope is our capital, husks too often our support, sanctified beggary our destiny. The pulpit, the plantation, and the penitentiary are all full of men who need expect little reward for their labors but the bite they eat and the clothes they wear. Yet, measuring desert by effect, the clergy get more than they earn. Of the fifty thousand sermons that go out next Sabbath morning fishing for men will one in a thousand catch any? Will one in a hundred get more than a problematical nibble? Will one in a hundred excite a single serious inquiry? Ministers are so accustomed not to catch any thing with their sermons that they seem not to expect any more than if they fished with pin-hooks or in the kitchen cistern.

Content with the humanizing influence of preaching, we too seldom grasp its evangelizing power; content with disseminating knowledge, the increase of virtue is neglected, and the heart remains

"A wild, where weeds and flowers
Promiscuous shoot."

Preaching has come to have a professional squint. Preaching has a tendency to sink into a trade. Men convert preaching into an entertainment for the ease of the popular conscience. We are within a step of the answer to Hannah More's prayer. If piety is not the fashion, church-going is a conservative badge of respectability that none despise. People who never go to church are outiawed as not respectable, and in some places you can not make them respectable any more than you can make the itch respectable. Why, in some places the man who never goes to

church is considered just as much of a heathen as if he had a ring in his nose, or had rather, like the Cossacks, eat tallow candles than veal cutlets.

A whole family in this Christian land that never go to church! Can you think of any thing sadder? No matter how rich, or refined, or intelligent they may be, does not this unfortunate fact make an abrupt break in your high opinion of them? Do you not associate with the thought of them the idea of a skepticism gloomy as the grave? Is there not a sorrowful hopelessness settled like a fog over their roof and croaking like a raven over their door? Dead to the genial, social advantages of church-going, dead to the happy, intelligent appearances of church-going, what are they living for? If I work like the beast, rest like the beast, find my recreation in the same organs of the body the beasts do, wherein do I differ from the beasts, in reason?

"It may be so, it may be so."

But it is as a religious being that I stand a glorious being. Without a capacity for religion I rather guess I had better be an ox than a man. Intellect is nothing, reason is nothing, learning is nothing, eloquence is nothing, preaching is nothing, only as scaffolding whereby I climb to what is *all*—hope through God of everlasting life beyond the grave.

THE HORSEMAN AND THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Down by a shining river,
One sultry Summer day,
A Gipsy child was lying,
Weary of all her play.
Sweet Summer voices 'round her
Were chanting drowsily;
Loud, cheerful tones aroused her,
A horseman gay drew nigh.
"Come hither, dark-browed elfin,"
Did that horseman smiling cry,
"And tell me who hath fashioned
Thine eyes so gloriously."
He laid his hand upon her,
He smiled a pleasant smile,
Then passed, and, though she waited
A weary, weary while
To see once more that horseman
Come riding down the glen,
Till her eyes grew dim with watching,
He never came again.

* * * * *
A blooming maid was gliding
Through her lordly guardian's bowers,
And she met a stately stranger
As she wandered 'mid the flowers.
He paused and looked upon her,
And his eyes shot merry light;

Then the maiden's heart beat wildly,
And her cheeks turned red and white.
"Come hither, hither, maiden,"
Did that smiling stranger cry,
"And tell me who hath fashioned
Thine eyes so gloriously."
He laid his strong hand on her,
She did not move nor speak;
He drew her firmly to him,
And bent and kissed her cheek.
Then said the maiden, trembling,
"I waited in yon glen
Till my eyes grew dim with watching,
But you did not come again."
"No, that was but a crossing
In the ways by which we went;
If now those ways are merging
In one are you content?"
Thus spake the stately stranger,
And low the maid replied,
And the little Gipsy maiden
Became the horseman's bride.

'MID MY JOYS.

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

DEAR Father, when I come to thee
Amid the gloom,
When I have laid my brightest hopes
Down in the tomb,
And felt that earth had now for me
Nor bud nor bloom,
How sweetly thou hast soothed my wild unrest,
Folded the trembling child unto thy breast,
And bid me in thy loving arms to rest!
Now, Father, with my full heart's praise
O, let me come;
Now earth has bloomed for me again
And seems like home;
Still fold me safe in thy strong arms
Lest I should roam;
Let thy love calm my feverish delight
Lest with these shining joys dazzling my sight
I turn away from thee and wander back to night.
O, bind me 'mid my highest bliss
Firmly to thee,
And if I murmur at thy love
Heed not my plea;
E'en if I struggle at the chain
Let me not free;
And if I can not keep my joys and thee,
O, take them from me first, for I can be
Happy with clouds if thou wilt smile on me.
And, Father, when the angels come
On loving wing,
And to my eager, longing heart
Thy welcome bring,
Still fold me in thine arms till I
With seraphs sing;
Amid the billows leave me not alone,
And when I bow before the great white throne,
With the same tender voice call me thine own.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A
COUNTRY PASTOR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

LANSWOOD PARSONAGE, Oct. 4, 18—.

A BEAUTIFUL October morning! I sit by my study window and gaze out upon the glorious garniture of early Autumn; the transient but inimitable colors with which the frost has touched the forest trees. All down the valley the silvery mist of the morning still lingers, the dark belts of pine across the plain are just visible through the haze, but beyond, and on either side where the hills rise so proudly, each rock and serried crag seems to have assumed a sharper outline, and every clump of furz, though miles away, is clearly defined, and adds its own purple softness to the view.

Nearer to me is life, human life. Strong men and robust women are gathering the plenteous harvest that God has given us, and the merry sound of the flail chimes with the merrier laughter of young men and maidens.

Extensive as is the prospect it does not begin to take in my whole parish. That cluster of white houses by the church, those large farm-houses north and south of us, which, with their various out-houses, seem to be villages by themselves, would seem to demand a church edifice much larger than our humble temple; but those families do not number one-third of those nominally under my care. Some of my people come from five and six miles distance, over rocky and irregular roads, over bleak hills in Winter and burning plains in Summer, yet these are my most constant hearers. When those who live scarce a stone's-throw from the church door are kept at home by the *dangerous* clouds of the Sabbath, I am sure to find these distant parishioners in their places.

Sunday is always a sad day for me. Small as the church is the pews are never filled, unless a funeral, or a wedding, or a lecture upon some popular theme is to come off. No one seems to feel any special desire to listen to Gospel truth. I can not be indifferent to the fact that business and pleasure take precedence of religious duties even on the Sabbath. Only yesterday I heard two little boys, who are to work all the week at picking up potatoes, planning to have a fine time chestnutting next Sunday. How can I help feeling sad on the Sabbath?

One could not wish for a more cordial, kind-hearted people, or for a pleasanter country location, and, after my twelve years' pastorate in various noisy villages, the change to this rural district was very refreshing for a time. The bus-

tle and confusion that characterized every thing at Millcreek, my last station, had really worn upon my nervous system, and when at last peace began to take the place of discord, I was not capable of enjoying the blessing. I could only sigh for some remote corner where such sharp contentions should be morally impossible. It never occurred to me that the religious apathy that I find here could exist among thinking human beings. Can it be that those who are brought by their daily occupation into constant contact with the wonderful works of God should be those who most completely forget him?

Last week I went to New York. One of my brothers was to join his regiment at Washington, and wished me to meet him to take his directions in regard to his wife and his property, to be carried out in the event of his death. At first I thought I could not go, and that he would be obliged to intrust his message to our oldest brother, who lives in Brooklyn; but my wife for the first time in her life resolutely set her face against my usual pastoral labors, and declared that I must, could, would, and *should* have a change of scene. She declared that I had become so dispirited in my work, so hopeless of awakening any interest in the people that it affected all I said and did. I knew that my health began to suffer, but I did not know till she told me that my sermons were as blue and yellow as myself.

"Decidedly bilious," said my wife, sportively feeling my pulse. "Liver, that is, pluck, either torpid or gone altogether. For speedy cure a short journey will be indispensable."

"Nonsense, Mary."

"Not at all, thank you. You will come back refreshed if you stay but a week. You will find that there is a little life left in the world yet; that stagnation is the exception not the rule."

"I can't go, Mary. Please say no more about it. I have no desire to go."

"You *can* go, Ernest, and I shall give you no peace if you *do* n't. You can go to Boston to-morrow in time to take the cars for Stonington, and on Tuesday morning you can surprise Dr. H. before he has time to go to his office. Dear me! what a Babel of chat you will have! It would be quite stunning to a woman. Now, do n't shake your head, please, because you are booked for New York, and there is no use resisting fate. I expect you will be so inspired by the change that you will indite a rousing leader for Tuesday's paper, and let Doc rest. Let me think. How many shirts shall I pack?"

"None, Mary. I must walk over to Brown Ridge to see Almon Prickett's sick mother as early as possible to-morrow. The old lady is failing, her son tells me."

"That dressing-gown that I finished last week will be just the thing. You called it extravagant, but you see it is needed. The patched elbows of this old thing would not answer for high life." She lightly touched my sleeve as she spoke. "And as for the sick old lady, is n't Mrs. Dean coming to-morrow to take Hetty and me to her cranberry meadow, and do n't we go directly by Almon Prickett's door? I will take a little jar of jelly with me, so as to hear the old lady praise it."

"Pharisee!" I said, laughing as I had done many a time at my little wife's desire to know that her charities were duly appreciated. "But there is another objection, my dear—one too strong for you to dispose of." I took out and displayed the contents of my purse, which, all counted, amounted to four dollars and eleven cents. "It is all I have, Mary. It looks very little like going to New York."

"Poor little purse," said Mary, "it must be filled directly. Now for a rub at Aladdin's lamp."

I started at her in amazement, not surprised at her words, for she was ever rallying me in like manner; but as she spoke she laid three gold eagles upon the empty purse and placed it in my hand. Then starting back and rubbing her eyes in pretended astonishment, she exclaimed, "Well, I never before had any faith in those charming Arabian genii, but here is golden evidence in their favor."

"Is this—is this money ours, Mary?" I asked hesitatingly.

"It ought to be. I have earned it all since last Spring."

"How?"

"Why, in giving lessons in drawing. It is no secret. Have n't I talked to you about my wonderful gains every time that you have slily cautioned me not to get a fixed habit of gossiping abroad? Haven't you read Scripture at me, and composed little homilies for my special edification, and really felt hurt because I persisted in spending an hour every morning at Mrs. Allen's, where my class assembles? Let me think. What is that text you read so often? I ought to know it by heart. 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house lest he become weary of thee and so hate thee.'"

I did not deny that my wife's sudden propensity for gadding abroad had considerably annoyed me, and that I had in various covert ways tried to make her see its impropriety.

"And you have really been teaching, Mary?"

"Yes. I knew you would need some recreation as soon as I saw this place, and the Sunday deportment of the people. I knew, too, that

you would have no spare funds. So I put a little of my surplus talent into use, and when I saw how discouraged you were growing, I felt that I had done wisely, and persevered in spite of reproof and doctrine. Now, then, do n't you believe you will go to New York?"

She would not let me thank her for her exertions, or listen to a word of my lecture about overtaking her own strength. And to all further objections to the recreation, which began to look desirable, she was deaf.

"But, Mary, who will supply my pulpit? I suppose you won't preach for me?"

"No; but I will ride over and get Mr. Lane, 'the locust preacher,' as aunt Debby calls him. He will be rejoiced to get the chance of holding forth. You know how he likes to 'magnify his office.' And if the people complain of his prosing, I shall tell them it serves them right for paying so little attention to the sermons of their own pastor."

"If you would go too, Mary," I said a little doubtfully, for my wife greatly dislikes the bustle of city life.

"I go! What nonsense! I have a happier prospect before me. There are grapes to preserve, and quinces, too, catsup to make, pickles to see to, and the whole house is to be turned out of doors and cleaned."

"Indeed! Then I think I will go."

"Of course you will. There is no comfort in house-cleaning when there are men in the way."

My wife gained her point at last, and I left home the next morning. I must wait till to-morrow to narrate an incident of my journey that I wish to preserve here; for my eyes are perpetually wandering from my paper and drinking in the exquisite loveliness and glory of this Autumn landscape. Such rare combinations of colors! The purple ash and crimson maple, the fadeless cedars, brown hickories, and golden, feathery birches blend together and make the hill-sides like a dream of fairy-land. And just below me at the foot of the garden is the little lake fringed all around with willows. There is a boat in motion, and, though I can not see it, the splash of its oars falls musically upon the ear. It comes in sight now, and I rub my eyes in dismay, for I recognize in the occupants my own child Hetty, who is universally known as the biggest romp in the parish, a bareheaded, ragged boy from the poor-house, whom she has persuaded to help her navigate the frail skiff, and a huge Newfoundland puppy, belonging to neighbor Allen.

This is Hetty's hour for studying geography. While her mother is away busy with her drawing pupils, Hetty is expected to prepare her

morning recitations. And this is how the lessons always are defective. I can not find it in my heart to scold the child. She is so happy and so affectionate that it is impossible to speak sternly to her. Now, with her bonnet thrown to the bottom of the boat, and her long hair blown back upon the breeze, she adds the finishing charm of life to the beautiful picture. But I must insist on Mary's restraining her more. She must, *really* must make her study more and frolic less.

October 5th.—My journey to Boston was as monotonous as possible, and the two hours' detention there was not particularly exhilarating. There was no time to visit places of interest, and I felt too misanthropic and gloomy for social intercourse, although other gentlemen were waiting like myself. More than once I had nearly determined to go home in the return train, but I was ashamed to do that after Mary's generous self-sacrifice. We were half-way to Stonington before I began to rouse up and look about me. I was awakened by the cries of a child, and I saw that the seat in front of me was occupied by a young woman, plainly but decently dressed, but with an expression of anxiety on her face that instantly attracted me. She had a baby in her arms, and another, just big enough to walk, on the seat by her side. He was a bright little fellow, with great flashing black eyes and thick coils of chestnut curls clustering all over his head; but he did not seem to be well, and fretted continually for the soothing attention that he saw bestowed upon the more helpless babe in his mother's arms. There were several bundles and a carpet-bag piled one above another on the seat next to the window, and the little boy in his restlessness often displaced them, and they came rolling down upon the floor. I would like to see the man who would not have succumbed and hauled down his flag before such a complication of petty miseries.

The young mother bore up bravely. While hushing the baby and lulling it with a sweet, low lullaby to temporary quiet, she contrived also to coax the little boy's curly head to a pillow on her knee, and thus, doubly burdened, found means to divert his attention with a cheap picture-book.

But the weather outside grew dark and unpleasant. Thick clouds were slowly gathering their forces, and the wail of the wind was often heard above the noise of the engine. The anxious expression of the mother's face deepened as she watched the ominous signs that foretold a stormy night upon the Sound. There was a quick, tremulous motion of her lip at times, as if she were repressing the inclination to have a "hearty cry" over her troubles

I had just thought of what should have occurred to me a long time before, that it was possible for me to relieve her of a part of her burden, and was trying to drive myself out of my selfish isolation by calling up all the good Samaritan thoughts that I had ever used in my sermons on practical benevolence, when an accession of passengers at a way-station obliged me to resign my seat to a lady, who actually thanked me for the civility.

Left again to myself, leaning against the door of the car I resumed the thread of gloomy contemplation that had of late become habitual, and was soon lost in the old weary labyrinth of conjectures in regard to the state of my parish, its spiritual deadness, and the measures to be used to awaken any interest in religious things. I grew more and more sad and desponding as I meditated, and my cogitations were as fruitless as ever. I did not again think of the babies and their mother till we were about leaving the cars at Stonington. Happening then to glance down the car before getting out I saw her looking about her with evident perplexity. The heavy rain was already pouring down, and the darkness outside was not very attractive even to uncumbered travelers.

I am ashamed to own that I did not offer my assistance. Mary says she will never believe it, that it is impossible for human nature to be so bearish, but the humiliating truth must be told. My own wretchedness and my sense of utter uselessness in my profession made me almost indifferent for the time to the claims of humanity. Still I was sensible of a feeling of surprise which gradually became indignation as I saw one lady, after another unconcernedly pass by, and other gentlemen as heartless as myself ignoring her silent appeal to our sympathy. The car was emptied at last, though I still stood in the door hoping to see another do the Christian duty that I was so reluctant to perform. I could not leave her to her fate as the rest had done.

Just then some one entered the door at the other end, and I saw the young woman look eagerly round. She had again failed in her efforts to arrange babies and bundles for transportation to the boat. The new-comer was a stout-looking, elderly man, plain and almost shabbily dressed, with a great shock of red hair nearly lifting his hat off his head, and a round fat face deeply marked with the small-pox. He was whistling a lively air, which seemed to breathe a whimsical sort of defiance to the discomforts of the bleak night, but he stopped at once when he saw the helpless group before him.

"Going aboard, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as I can."

"Good; so am I. Let me carry this youngster for you. I've got one at home just his size. Jehosaphat! how nat'ral it seems!" said the man as he lifted the boy to his shoulder. The child stopped crying and laughed gleefully.

"And these bundles; are they yours, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, I can carry those very well. I can, indeed."

"That depends." He had already gathered them in his arms, and wrapped her thin shawl more closely around the baby. "Now we're ready. Keep close behind me, ma'am. It is but a few steps."

As they passed me in the door I seemed to awake from a horrid dream. My anxiety and morbid melancholy vanished. I suppose they could not stay in the same atmosphere with that man's blunt, cordial kindness. I envied him the luxury of doing what I ought to have done. After all, I said to myself, there is real good in the world—real Christian charity, living piety, and active benevolence. I followed close at the man's heels. We were jostled a little as we pressed through the throng, but were soon safely on board just in time to avoid being left behind.

"Here we are. A nice ride you've had, my little man." There was something absolutely inspiring in that rough man's voice. "Now, ma'am, I'll just take you bag and baggage down to the ladies' cabin, for it rains as if it meant to free its mind. You had better get those damp wrappings off as soon as you can. Come, it is but a step further."

She hesitated. "No, sir. Thank you. You have been very kind, but my ticket is only for a deck passage, and I have no money. I—I should not have attempted such a journey, sir, without more means, but I have just heard from my husband, who is returning from California and is sick in New York. He did not send for me, but I could not leave him to be nursed by strangers."

"Of course you could n't. But you must not stay here. You'll all catch your deaths if you do. Wait till I see the captain. I'll fix matters for you, never fear."

He trudged off to the captain's office, I still following. The captain glanced at the rough man and his rougher attire carelessly, and listened without much interest to his story till he begged that the poor woman might be allowed to take her babies into the cabin. Then he assumed a very knowing look indeed.

"Is the lady a *particular* friend of yours?" he asked. "We are importuned every trip for especial accommodations for delicate ladies with gentlemen friends on board, all as poor as Job's

turkeys. We serve them all alike, and each person gets what he pays for."

"Look here, sir, there's no call to insult any body. You've had a fair chance to act like a gentleman and a Christian, but I never quarrel with a man if he prefers acting like a heathen. How much do you charge for a cabin passage?"

"One dollar."

"There's the money. I've got just seventy cents left. It will buy them a little supper, and I can go without mine."

The captain looked a little ashamed. He handed back half a dollar.

"I've no doubt it is all cheat and humbug," he said, "but if you are not telling the truth you lie so naturally that it is worth fifty cents to hear you."

"Thank you all the same," was the reply as the coin so ungraciously proffered was accepted.

I never saw a more grateful creature than that poor young woman when she found that her friend had secured a shelter for her. She cried with pleasure, and kissed his great freckled hands in a transport of thankfulness. He helped her to a comfortable seat, waited till a tray of refreshments was brought to her, then giving the stewardess a trifle to secure all necessary attention, he left her to enjoy the comforts he had provided. His berth in the cabin was just above mine, and, though he kept me awake half the night whistling softly to himself or humming tunes whenever he was not snoring, I forgave him with all my heart. I wrote to Mary in the morning that I had found a curiosity—a man with a soul as big as a cathedral.

I staid in New York a week. The civil war was the all-absorbing theme of discourse, and I heard speeches, witnessed parades, and heard discussions till I caught the glorious enthusiasm, and forgot all my little local difficulties in the greater interests of the nation. I visited many beautiful places, explored the magnificent Central Park from center to circumference, and thanked God in behalf of the poor, who can there breathe the fresh air of heaven. I saw many wonders of science and art, and from morn till night was kept continually on the move by my brother, who gave up his whole time to my amusement, stimulated thereto by a letter from my wife, who rightly guessed that no half measures would make me oblivious to my own disappointed hopes and borrowed troubles.

But the sweetest sight to me was when the slow-plodding coach stopped to leave me at my own door, and Mary in her neat calico wrapper and prim little collar, radiant with delight at my return, came tripping down the walk to meet me at the gate.

October 10th.—Mary is at Mrs. Allen's busy with the continued drawing lessons, which she persists in calling "real fun." I know her well enough to guess that the "fun" will be in expending her earnings for those she loves. When she brushed my old overcoat yesterday I saw plainly that its doom was sealed. I am sure I read rightly the smile which told of nearly means enough to purchase a new one. She is so happy in all this that I can not have the heart to object, though I fear she is often overtaken.

Hetty is swinging on the garden gate instead of attending to her geography as her mother bade her. What can we do with the child? She really hates books, but is never tired of hearing stories. She is quick enough to learn, far too quick to catch a knowledge of things that she should never know.

"How can I study, mamma?" she asked this morning. "The little red squirrels are running all over the woods, and the trees are so bright. And, mamma, if I put my fingers in my ears it is of no use, I can hear the chestnuts dropping, dropping just the same."

"But you must try, Hetty. You do not want to be a dunce."

"Did you like to study, mamma, when you were a little girl like me?"

Mary hesitated, for she remembered her early preference for outdoor sports.

"Not always, Hetty, but I learned to love it by trying, and I want my little girl to try too. She must try *very* hard this morning while I am away."

But Hetty, mounted on the gate, has already quite forgotten her task. Whistling! That is a new accomplishment. Where can she have learned it?

"Hetty," I call from my window, "where did you learn to whistle?"

"O, down street. All the boys can whistle. This tune is Nelly Gray, papa. Is n't it a beauty?"

"But, Hetty, do you think it is pretty for little girls to whistle?"

"Yes, sir. It sounds like a flute. Wait while I can think how it begins, papa, and I'll whistle Dixie."

"No, I do n't like to hear girls whistle. How old are you, Hetty?"

"Seven years old the first day of last August."

"Old enough to keep off the fences and gates, are n't you? Old enough to be more careful of your frocks and not make so much mending for poor, tired mamma?"

"O, papa, I think there is a bird's nest on that great elm. Will you please let me climb and see?"

"What! climb that tree! Why, Hetty, you would fall and break your limbs."

She laughed and clapped her hands together merrily.

"Why, papa, I've been to the top of it many and many a time."

"Hetty!"

"You can see the Springdale town-house from that side next the barn. If you had looked out yesterday when you were fixing your book-case you would have seen me. I sat on that long pole all the time. You do n't know how beautifully it swings!"

The branch she indicated was full twenty feet from the ground, and the boughs had been lopped off because they impeded the view. Naked and gaunt as it was, it did look as if it might "swing beautifully."

"That is not a safe seat for you, Hetty. Does mamma know that you climb trees?"

"I—I guess not," she answered with some hesitation; "I never told her. But she *does* know," added the child triumphantly, "that I can ride horseback, because Mr. Baylies's colt ran away with me, and he came right down this street. You see," said Hetty, apologizing for the colt, "you see no one had ever been on his back before, and he did not know what to make of it."

"I should think not. What did Mr. Baylies say to you?"

"O, lots of things. He was real mad, and he scolded at me till I almost cried. But Joe Curtis—he lives down at the poor-house, papa—says his talk was all gammon."

I sank back in my study chair really speechless with amazement. What could I say to such a child? I could only send her back to her hated studies, and resolved to have a serious talk with Mary upon the subject. Her wistful glance at the bird's nest showed her reluctance; but she obeyed, and I soon heard her in the room below, first studying aloud, then whistling, and then rummaging among my garden tools in the back shed.

OUR STEWARDSHIP.

Our children, relations, friends, honors, houses, lands, and endowments, the goods of nature and fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only *lent*. It is our misfortune, and it may be added our *sin*, to fancy they are *given*. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in. We think ourselves masters when we are only stewards, and forget that to each of us it will one day be said, "Give an account of thy stewardship."

LIFE, DEATH, AND THE GRAVE.

BY REV. T. D. M'FALLS.

LIFE.

HOW strange is life! How singular its changes! The history of every individual is full of vicissitudes. Sorrow and trouble are part of man's heritage, yet there is a chain of brightness extending through his entire life's journey which sparkles and glitters at every touch or memory. What happy scenes may be evoked! Tupper says,

"Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers, Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy portal.

It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and primrose,

A little path of lawn grass and soft for tiny feet."

Life is a drama. How we laugh at the mad frolics of youth, when, magic-like, they pass before us! We love to call them up. Those were days of innocency; no cares obtruded on our blithesome hours. The scenes of later years come up when holy friendships were formed. Here we see familiar faces. How thrilling are the associations! How, when sad, have we cheered one another with encouraging words! How bright were our hopes, how high our aspirations! O, there are many hours unmingled with cares which, in our lonesome moments, we recall and live over again. Then we knew nothing of the stern realities of life, nothing of the chilling facts. All was imagination and poetry. And we said in our ignorance, "Surely, O life, thy name is love and beauty; thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure and sensitive."

The plodding, grasping man is on the stage. His quick look, his sudden starts, his anxious inquiries tell too plainly of the contest between hope and fear that rages within him. He looks no longer the smiling, cheerful youth. Smiles have given place to frowns, and cheerfulness to gloominess. Avarice has changed him from a simple-hearted boy to a selfish man, incredulous of true friendships. The idea uppermost in his mind is, "no man is fed or clothed by fame, or love, or duty." And he toils day by day as if his earthly gains would insure him heaven. "Surely, O life, thy name is care and weariness, thy soil is parched, thy winds are fierce, and the suns above thee hardening."

Age approaches slowly, leaning on his staff. Life hath lost its charms. He looks to the grave as his hiding-place. "Half-dead and half-alive, mind and memory faded, surviving both his faculties and usefulness, and, but a mere wreck of what once he was, he taxes affection to conceal

from strangers' eyes the sad ravages of time, and do for him the tender office of the ivy, when she kindly hides beneath her green and glossy mantle the crumbling ruin or old hollow tree." "Surely, O life, thy name is vanity and sorrow, thy storms at noon are many, and thine eventide is clouded by remorse."

DEATH.

"The sense of death is most in apprehension, And the poor beetle that we tread upon In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies."—SHAKESPEARE.

Often when beauty culminates death begins. When the first rays of the sun escape from the eastern horizon, the dew-drops hanging in little globules to the spars of grass become so beautiful that they burst with ecstasy and die. The fields sparkling and glittering with frost in the morning are clothed with death. The flowers begin to die only when in full bloom—when they have arrived to the highest state of perfection. The leaves on the trees begin to fade the moment they are completed. The rainbow arching the heavens decreases at the instant the combination of prismatic colors appears perfected. The gorgeous clouds of closing day, tinged with golden hues by the setting sun, begin to darken at a point when they appear the grandest. The most beautiful of the material world seems to vanish into the immaterial, as if inviting us to follow, or, in other words, the most beautiful of the material world is just on the brink or edge, stretching out into the immaterial; and may we not infer from this how beautiful must be that other spiritual world, now unseen, whither we are traveling?

THE GRAVE.

"Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damned grudges, here are no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep."—SHAK.

Nothing is more instructive or better calculated to improve the morals than to walk alone and silently meditate in the "city of the dead." Here are the high and the low, the rich and the poor, without any distinctions, save here and there a monument or slab of marble of exquisite sculpture, which tells that the repulsive body which lies underneath was rich in this world's goods, but is now restricted to six feet of earth, while the poor beggar by his side has no less. Here lies the orator, who wielded the magic wand over thousands, breaking up the fountain of their tears by the recital of some touching story, or stirring them to bold, desperate deeds by the rehearsal of some real or imaginary wrongs. By his side sleeps the form of an innocent prat-

ting babe, which never knew any thing of cunning or sophistry, whose heart was as pure as the driven snow, and whose lips were as "sweet as the honey and the honeycomb." Here, also, rests the faithful pastor, who went in and out before his flock, feeding them with the bread of life, soothing the sorrows of the afflicted, pouring the dew of sympathy into the wounded heart, binding the bruised spirit, and pointing the despairing to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Around him lies his flock, waiting with him for the sound of that trumpet which shall call the dead, both small and great, before the judgment-seat. Here is the grave of that best of all friends, a mother. Next to Jesus, mother is the sweetest name that ever fell on mortal's ear. Approach her grave reverently, meditate on her beautiful character, and learn a lesson of patience. Her whole life was a history of patience and of affection. Infancy was guarded by her tender solicitude. Every trouble of the little heart called forth her sympathy. The exuberant joys of youth were encouraged with her smiles of approbation. In sickness she watched every breath, heard every sigh, supplied every want, and pressed the aching head with her tender hand. Her children, about to enter the busy scenes of society, received her counsels, and her affection and solicitude ceased only with her life. When all things else have failed to reclaim the wandering profligate I would lead him to his mother's grave and call up her holy lessons of instruction and her prayers for her erring boy; such memories would thrill his soul with new resolutions, and strengthen his heart to lead a different life.

Here is a sister's grave. At its head grows a beautiful rose—fit emblem of her life. After mother, sister possesses the greatest charm. Her worth is never appreciated fully till she is laid in the grave, till her light and buoyant step, her innocent laugh, and cheering words are no longer heard, her pure affection no longer experienced.

"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field."

This is a severe school in which to learn, severe to the feelings and affections, yet how beneficial to the heart and the life! We lose sight of the world and forget its vanities. We commune with the invisible, and look beyond the flood.

"Death is a road our dearest friends have gone;
Why with such leaders fear to say, 'Lead on?'
Its gate repels, lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it, fathers, children, men,
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath."

"COME UNTO ME."

BY ELIZABETH CONWELL SMITH.

I QUESTIONED thus with my mourning soul:

"Is it the world's heart full of woe,
Whose every pulse seems a funeral toll
Beating solemnly and slow?"

And my sorrowing soul made answer low:

"I hear no pulse of the world that swells,
For the throbs of my own heart pain me so
With their faltering funeral bells."

Then I sighed to my heart: "Is thy glory dead
That its dirge should drown all the wide world's cry?
O heart, sing psalms for the beauty fled!
'Tis a happy thing to die."

And my heart moaned back, "O, my life is drear!

Its crown is lost where my dead love lies,
And the tears are falling from year to year
From my sorrow's sleepless eyes."

Then I cried to my life, "O, life, be true!

Lift upward wings to the throne of God,
Till thy plumes grow white from earth's dust and dew
With the Innocent's holy blood."

But my life mourned on in its place of tombs,

Weary and faint with its lonely griefs,
With dim wings folded in cypress blooms,
And burdened with dead beliefs.

Then I prayed to my Father, "O, take them all—

My life with its sorrows of heart and soul,
Where no dead loves sleep in a funeral pall,
And no funeral bells may toll."

And a sweet voice fell from the heaven of rest—

A voice with the music of love divine—
"Tired heart, be still! sad life, be blest!
And heaven-born soul, be mine!"

"HE IS NOT HERE."

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

A SHADOW lies across thy path
So lately smooth and fair,
Yet know, sweet friends, were there no sun
That it would not be there.

I know the still heart yearnings
Like Rizpah guards her dead,
And would not let the storm-wind
Blow o'er the unconscious head.

I know the trembling tenderness
Which covets to delay,
The crumbling of the casket,
Though missed the jewel's ray.

I know the heart makes pilgrimage
At morning, noon, and night,
Yet not the tomb should be the shrine,
But heaven's unclouded light.

For he among the sanctified
Hath found the mansion fair,
And all earth's brightest gems grow pale,
Before the glory there.

OUR BOY.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"For many a lad
Born to rough work and ways,
Strips off his ragged coat, and makes
Men clothe him with their praise."

ALICE CARY.

I ALWAYS wrote myself plain John Smith, till we were married; the word "we" includes Georgianna Henderson, of Hendersonville, and myself, the aforementioned John. A comfortable cognomen I'd always considered it—sounding even sweetly when pronounced by my lady love, not a whit unpleasant to go to dinner on, quite desirable in promissory notes, etc. Our wedding cards came out in this style, "*Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason Smythe*." My mother contemplated annexing her maiden name to John when I was an infant, but never concluded to do so: her daughter-in-law did, however, after I became a man. No wonder humble Betty Blake, who had been a servant in our family for years, after laboring through the delicate chirography, exclaimed, "La sakes, who can that be? nobody I ever knowed, I'm sure." Mrs. Smith was proud of her antecedents. Hendersonville, where she was born and married, was named in honor of her grandfather; the tallest monument in its church-yard was erected to his memory; thereon was a list of his virtues and the public offices he had held. Her father was the worthy son of a worthy sire. I never knew him personally, but have often read his epitaph, which is an epitome of a brief, eventful life. Other members of the family distinguished themselves in various ways.

Our honeymoon was bright—dazzling even for moonshine. But as it waned troubles arose between us, waxing larger and increasing in number. I was innocent and blameless—men usually are. The old rhyme, which some married man must have written after bitter experience—

"If a woman will she will," etc.—

I found to be truthful, if not poetical. My manner of speech had always been very free from expletives, excepting that sometimes I would preface or strengthen a remark with, "By George;" but you may be assured I dropped that—it had too much significance.

Well, the years went by—seven of them: their history had almost a martial coloring; we could date from battle to battle, and number whole months passed in interminable domestic

war. It is a terrible truth to read, or write, or remember, but to live the same—ah, terrible is feeble words!

We had n't spoken for a week; I had oftener than otherwise breakfasted alone, dined and taken my tea down street. I was unhappy, being naturally peaceable and home-loving. "We live in a world of change," kept flitting through my mind, but I was skeptical in regard to any change, except from bad to worse. Returning from my office late one night, I was taken greatly aback to find Mrs. Smith sitting in the back parlor wearing a rich silk I had brought her some weeks before as a peace-offering. She looked handsome and young, being just on the threshold of her thirtieth year. On the table was soon placed tea and biscuit smoking hot, and strawberries just uncanned. By her side was a chair, my favorite rocker, which she signed me to take. Rip Van Winkle, when he awoke from his sleep of twenty years, was filled with no greater wonder than was I.

I sat, or, rather, dropped down into the proffered seat. "John," said my spouse with earnestness, "will you carefully read and sign this paper?" I tried to sport with her or give the serious matter a turn, but in vain. If an idea had taken possession of her brain the most difficult question imaginable was, how shall it be got out? So I read—

"Resolved, That we, the undersigned, from this day forth, February 20th, the year of our Lord 1850, will strive earnestly for the things that make for peace.

"Resolved, That for the accomplishment of this end, we will take for our study and rule of practice the instructions given to husbands and wives by the apostle Paul in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians.

"Resolved, That, furthermore, we bury all roots of bitterness in the past, and in love and forbearance meet the trials of the future, bearing each other's burdens and sharing each other's joys.

"*GEORGIANNA HENDERSON SMYTHE*."

I, who had quarreled only for accommodation's sake, was of course glad to ground arms, and lost no time in writing my name after the most approved style—"J. Mason Smythe"—under Georgianna's.

The woman never looked so beautiful—so precious as then. How magnanimous was her conduct—worthy of a Henderson, worthy of my wife! I could have fallen at her feet in worship. Our contract was sealed with a kiss. We were both a little awkward under the new administration, but Love, the Priestess, burned on her altar incense of the sweetest odor, and forgetting

the stormy sea of discord passed, we rejoiced upon the green banks of a beautiful shore. Storm-driven mariners, suddenly anchored in a sunny haven, were never happier than we.

As a slight expression of my gratefulness I proposed that we should take a trip to Washington, and in two weeks we went. It was on our return; we were waiting at the L— station forty minutes for the arrival and change of trains. Newsboys were screaming amid the hurrying and the din; children, with oranges and other eatables, were setting forth the value of their wares with a pleading eye as they found listeners. One voice of all arrested my wife's attention. "Only hear him, John," said she with enthusiasm. "Apples this way—two for a cent!" "Apples this way—two for a cent!" The voice was rich, electric, and thrilling. How musical was every intonation; there was melody in the boy's soul, though its voicings were so humble; dark and deep were his eyes, and they had withal a misty shadowing. His coat was poor and patched, his feet partially concealed by coarse shoes.

Still the passengers came and went; "apples this way—two for a cent!" "The right culture would give him a voice superior to any but one we heard in Congress—do n't you think so, husband?" said Mrs. Smith. "Husband" was always the prelude to some unusual request.

"Fudge," said I good-humoredly, and walked leisurely away. Erelong I came up to the boy's stand and made a small investment.

"What do you do with your money?" I queried, handing him a five-franc piece. He gave me a quick, searching glance.

"I'm going to school if Susie and the baby git better."

"What ails them?"

"Susie, I 'xpect, never 'll be well here—she's a cripple; the baby's had a fever."

"You may keep it," I said, turning away as he handed me the change. The expression that passed over his countenance brought to my mind the words of inspiration, "It is better to give than to receive."

With hands full of apples I sought Mrs. Smith. "Two for a cent," said I, as she reached out for some.

"Are you not going to adopt him, John? I really wish you would," and the woman's words had a pleading persuasiveness that went to my heart.

We did adopt him. Before the train left I had increased my acquaintance with him, given him my address, and left a message for his mother.

In two months he was a member of our fam-

ily, and one of the most industrious, conscientious pupils in Professor Wing's academy.

Human lives in their developments are much the same. Hopes and yearnings, sorrowings and rejoicings, are akin to each; different circumstances produce unlike results. Allyn Royce had been with us three years, and he went home to see Susie die. It was in early Summer, just as June, the sweet prophetess and queen, began her reign, that the angels were commissioned to bring the beautiful soul of the crippled child home. She had watched and waited for their coming. In dreams she saw her father beckoning from the skies and would murmur, "I must go!" "Allyn," said she, "sorrow and discipline must come to all lives—sometimes your cross will be heavy—mine has been—your paths toilsome and under burning suns; but these lead to higher seats in heaven, and burdens prepare us for rest. I have prayed that temptation may not overcome you—always look to God."

"Mother," said she, but the heavy, stifled sobs forbade reply; only the eyes of the dying were tearless. "Mother," and the pale form was tenantless—the spirit free.

Allyn returned from the burial to his accustomed duties; we grew more and more attached to him. Mrs. Smith's love for the boy was almost maternal, and it was one of his chief joys to merit her approbation and her smiles. Our domestic happiness flowed on without interruption.

Allyn's declamations at the seminary continued to win for him new laurels, and his scholarship ranked among the very first. A new teacher came among them; he was young, talented, and ardent, determined to win for himself a name. For Allyn, his young friend and pupil, he cherished a warm and tender regard. Ambition was the mainspring of his life, and the breathings of his spirit upon the boy begat in him the same motive-power, and kindled fires in his soul of the same glow and intensity. In his horizon a star had come forth from its dim, uncertain shadowings—at the morning and the evening twilight he repeated his vows of constancy and continued effort.

Sometimes Susie's angel face reproved him. Wherefore? Were not his purposes deep, and high, and holy? He grieved and wondered, but with unbending eye pressed on.

Poor Allyn! a boy and yet a man; his young heart swayed and driven by the same strong, resistless current that beat upon mature manhood; the dews of early existence drank up or dried away by so high a sun.

The tireless, continued reachings of the mental will erelong overcome the powers of the phys-

ical. Allyn's health was failing. Our physician assured me that nothing would so surely arrest his disease as a year or two of country life, attended with as much farm-labor as he was able to perform. His spirit sank at the sentence, though he acquiesced without a murmur; any thing rather than death. Allyn was now in his seventeenth Summer.

At this time pecuniary matters pressed heavily upon me. Business arrangements called me West for an uncertain term of months, and Mrs. Smith accompanied me.

Allyn went to reside in the family of an uncle. Unfortunately they were of stern, exacting natures, living but to gather gold. They had five children, four stout, hardy boys and a gentle girl, all the fairer from the ungenial atmosphere in which she grew. Lotus blossoms, it is said, are purest and whitest when nursed at the dark bosom of the Nile.

Six months of country life passed; Allyn had improved in strength rapidly and pronounced himself again well. The desire to pursue his education came on with renewed force. He yearned for his former surroundings, as birds in darkened cages pine for light and freedom. But how should the purpose of his life be gained most speedily? A pathway wound along before him, but to head it would be O such a slow, toilsome, spirit-chafing march. He saw classmates outspeed him—saw them from the valley upon mountain heights—heard the victor-shout "Eureka!" fall from their lips as they quaffed cups of nectar for which he thirsted. He remembered not that hopes deferred are often the brighter when realized—that the aloe reaches its glorious blossoming by the humble growth of a hundred years!

"Sometimes your cross will be heavy, but trust in God." These were Susie's dying words that came to him, but they brought no soothing.

A great temptation met and overcame him—he found a purse containing five hundred dollars. For a week the treasure lay hidden under a pile of rails at the foot of his uncle's orchard, and every night, when the hour was darkest, he went to see if it was still undisturbed.

"It is yours, it is yours," said voices within. "Go on, now, and complete your education." In fancy four years flitted away before him; commencement day dawned, and the brightest honors of time-renowned Yale were wreathed about his forehead. He bade adieu to his uncle's family and went to visit his mother. She, two years before, with his little brother, had returned to the old homestead, where her life began under skies that were soft and blue, and full of promise.

"Onward but downward!" the whisperings were still and small but exceedingly powerful, so that no clamorings could silence them. Allyn's nights were sleepless; his soul like a troubled sea—its melodies had become dirges, its great and hidden riches were ingulfed beneath waters which could not rest, but only cast up mire and dirt.

It was a mellow October night. Allyn stood gazing at the beautiful sunset—at the gray, fleecy clouds in the south, with archings of crimson and purple, and pink, pearly flutings underneath them. He took from his pocket a small diary to transcribe the thoughts that swept into his mind. The first date that met his eye was the anniversary of Susie's death. His hand paused; a moment decided him; he wrote, "God helping me, I will return from the great error of my ways."

About this time Mrs. Smith was anxiously awaiting a letter from Allyn. "I do n't see why the dear boy does n't write," said she to me one evening as I came in from the office and tossed half a dozen papers on the table beside her. "I'm 'fraid he's got tired out and discouraged off there alone with nobody to love or appreciate him. It's three whole weeks since we have had a line from him, and then he said he wanted to get back to his books so. He's a born genius if I'm any judge, and I believe I'll send him that fifty dollars you gave me yesterday for a shawl, and tell him we're coming home before long—had n't I better?"

"Better read this first," I said, slipping a letter into her hand which I had purposely detained.

Mrs. Smith always had a magnetic power over him; his joys and griefs were given into her keeping, so it was not strange that he wrote so freely concerning his trial and temptation. He was humbled in his own eyes as nothing else could have humbled him, and only begged us at the close of his long letter to "forgive him as he hoped God had done."

The purse which he had secreted belonged to an illiterate Scotchman, with which he was to bring his mother from beyond the seas and found for them a home in America, his adopted land. Allyn positively refused the generous reward offered him.

Very soon we made preparations to return home. Mrs. Smith was impatient to see Allyn and once more fold the sinning but forgiven boy to her heart.

The next four years Allyn spent within college walls, visiting us but twice in the time.

Commencement week found us at the City of the Elms. We were seated in a lofty and crowd-

ed edifice. There were men of affluence and position—men upon whose brows had been placed crowns of honor and distinction—men who had labored, and not in vain, for some of the world's best prizes. There were youths of intellect, and promise, and unbounded hope—women of wondrous beauty and majestic bearing—maidens, graceful and fair, whose lovers were among the graduates; but throughout the throng there were no hearts that beat with a happier, prouder throb than did ours for Allyn, our boy! The orations, and they were said to be above the usual standard, were all pronounced but the last, and that was Allyn's. Could you have heard his voice as it went out clearer, and richer, and deeper, burdened with tender pathos and burning eloquence, till the people sat before him spell-bound—his thoughts were sublime and electric, and he swayed his listeners as the power of genius alone can do! The young orator retired amid a multitude of acclamations and praises; soft eyes were dewy, and old, gray-haired men nodded to each other with looks that signified more than any words could have done. What I realized most effectually was the pressure Mrs. Smith gave my hand, which was uncomfortable, to say the least.

Allyn had triumphed. A song of thanksgiving went up from his heart like that which Israel sung upon the borders of the purple sea.

And, reader, could you have heard him yesterday—heard his pleadings for the widow's son, who, by intrigues base and wily, had been pronounced guilty of theft—with what clear discrimination he sifted the alleged arguments and raveled into shreds the sophistry that would have condemned the innocent boy to years of imprisonment!

When he sat down there was hardly a dry eye in all the court-room, for he had told them somewhat of his own boyhood and its great temptation. The prisoner's mother, a pale, humble woman, yet in black for her husband, would, if need be, have bathed his feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

Remembering that heroes usually marry, or, more correctly, that heroes are generally married men, I will simply subjoin, that next Thursday week, if all's well, at St. Mary's Church, will be wedded Allyn, our boy, and Virginia, eldest daughter of Judge Crayon, of this city.

No flower can bloom in paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane. No one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted of the fruits of the tree of Calvary. The crown is after the cross.

WHO CAN TELL?

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

LAST night I dreamed that he was beside me!
It seemed that he had been dead,
But somehow came back again to soften
The paths that I was to tread.

I was in a large and gloomy city,
Hurried along by the crowd;
The tramp of a thousand feet fell round me,
And voices harsh and loud

Broke on the air with a troubled cadence,
Awakening a dread, vague fear,
For 't was night, the street lamps burned but dimly,
And I knew not that he was near.

The air was chill, and my feet were weary;
But I walked still on, and on;
My heart grew faint, but I could not tarry,
The journey was not yet done.

At length the sense came o'er me that some one
Was keeping step by my side;
I turned a glance of frightened inquiry,
When lo! it was he who had died!

A moment my heart seemed prest to bursting,
Thoughts crowded my whirling brain;
But the touch of his strong, brave arm around me,
And the dear old smile again,

Brought back a feeling of sweet sustainment,
Such as I had not known
Since the name that I so much loved was chiseled
Upon a tablet of stone.

All day I have tried, and tried to remember
What it was that he said,
Which has left my heart so calm and hopeful,
Now that the dream has fled.

But the morning broke, and they called me early
Back to my toil again,
And the words that I strove to gather, melted
Like frost-work on the pane.

Perhaps it was only a freak of Nature
To sweeten the night's repose,
Or a dream of the guardian angel's planning:
I can not say—God knows!

But I love to think—though it may be Fancy
Weaving her magic spell—
That there are hours when the dead are walking
Beside us—who can tell?

LOOK AT HOME.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill,
To pick at every flaw I see
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the ease bestow
And let my friends alone.

FAMILY RELIGION.

BY REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

THE family is a primitive institution, venerable for its antiquity. It dates back of all forms of civil government, and is the only relic of Eden that has survived the wreck of the apostasy. It is the chief dependence both of the Church and the State, and underlies the highest interests of humanity for both worlds. It is our first school in science, government, and religion. Ordained of God, he has thrown around it peculiar guards, and placed upon it peculiar honors. He has pronounced the parental head a unit, one and indivisible, save by the same power and authority which made them one. "And wherefore one?" inquires the prophet. "That he might seek a godly seed."

Piety lay at the foundation of the order of the family institution. God had the residue of the Spirit, and yet he created but one man and one woman to be the joint head of the family. A godly seed, a pious posterity, religion in the family, was the motive which actuated the Divine procedure in this arrangement. There should be as few disturbing elements in the family relationships as possible. There should be a unity of affection and a unity of interests and aims. Piety is essential to the healthy and harmonious development of the domestic affections; and in the midst of the stern and trying experiences of practical life, its succor and solace are greatly needed. Religion in the family makes home a moral Pisgah—a sublime elevation, to which the man of business turns with delight from the cares and vexations of his secular calling, where he will breathe more of the air of Eden, and from whence he will get clearer views of his future home.

Religion in the family makes home something more than a mere eating-house and lodging-place; it makes it the center of affections and interests that shall never die. It clothes the parents with additional authority, and invests their characters with superior sanctity in the estimation of the children, for they become the ministers of religion as well as the guardians of their temporal interests. It diffuses a glow of sunshine over the domestic circle, and imparts light to the home, as God did of old to the houses of Israel, when darkness was over all the land of Egypt.

Family religion includes, among other things, religious knowledge and devotional services. For the benefit of the parents and the older children there should be as good a supply of religious books and periodicals as the finances of the family will

justify, and no religious family can be so poor in this country as to justify them in being without a perfect copy of the Holy Scriptures and a copy of some religious newspaper, that they may know what God has revealed and what his militant Church is accomplishing. But those of moderate means can command aids to a better understanding of the Bible, in such works as Wesley's Notes, Watson's Exposition; or Benson's, Clarke's, or Whedon's Commentaries; Calmet's and Watson's Dictionaries, and Kitto's Encyclopedia. It is better to make a liberal outlay in the library, even though it should be at the sacrifice of a few acres of a prospective farm. In this age of books, a family library should be selected with care. It is more that the mind should be nourished with wholesome food than even the body. But books on science and art, books of history and travels, books of fiction and poetry, as well as books on morals and religion, can be secured in abundance, unexceptional in sentiment, and many of them as fascinating in style as the most agreeable conversation.

Family religion should be intelligent, because all the more public manifestations of religion take their coloring and direction from that of the family. Religious ideas can be communicated to children while they are very young. To this end they should be taught simple, yet comprehensive formularies of Christian doctrine, such as the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, etc. And earlier still, such forms as the child's evening prayer—

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," etc.

The late venerable John Quincy Adams remarked, but a short time before his death, that the above form of words made so deep an impression on his mind when a child, that he had never gone to sleep a night in his life without repeating them.

Children should be taught the habit of devotion even before their intellects can fully comprehend its meaning, because children begin to act from the promptings of the heart sooner than they do from the decisions of the intellect. And perhaps our affections control us all through life more than our intellects. At any rate, the seat of man's moral disease is in the affections, and the remedy should not only be applied there, it should be applied early. Thus we believe, and hence,

"Our little babe—our bright-eyed one—
Our youngest, darling joy—
We teach at evening hour to kneel
Beside our little boy;

And though she can not lisp a word,
Nor breathe a simple prayer,
We know her Maker blesteth her
The while she knæleth there."

The Christian father is, in an important sense, the priest of his household. Upon him devolves the duty of conducting either in person or by proxy the devotions of the family. Social worship in the family is so clearly a Christian duty, and its advantages are so manifest and so manifold, that it should never be neglected except from obvious necessity. The morning and the evening sacrifice should regularly ascend from the family altar, and should be the joint offering of the household. The services should be such as to interest all the members of the family. If the Scripture lesson is read by a single individual, it should be a plain, brief lesson, taken from the practical or devotional portions of the Bible, and read in a distinct, agreeable tone of voice. But it is often profitable for all to unite in reading the Scriptures, each reading a verse in turn. Thus all participate directly in the service, and each one's mind is fastened upon the lesson. And if vocal or instrumental music, or both, are practiced in the family, they should be practiced in connection with family worship. Family worship should be made as entertaining and instructive as possible. We should consecrate to God all our attainments as well as our talents. Music is admirably calculated to heighten devotion. Moses and Miriam gave utterance to the gratitude and joy of their hearts in sacred song. Singing praise to God has been a part of religious worship in all ages, and inspiration assures us that it is a part of the worship of the redeemed in heaven; for they sing "the song of Moses and of the Lamb." Piety in all ages has sought utterance in song. Dr. Bethune says:

"Man first learned song in Paradise
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies
Glad anthems are forever ringing;
God lends his ear well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
Till day shall break, and we shall wake,
Where love will make unfading morrow."

Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," describes in graphic style the evening devotions of the pious cottager of his day:

"The cheerful supper done, with serious face
They round the ingle formed a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And, 'Let us worship God,' he says, 'with solemn air.'"

Our Church hymnology is rich in appropriate songs for the morning and evening devotions of the family.

Music gives an air of cheerfulness as well as solemnity to worship, which is especially agreeable to young minds, and is profitable to all. Some families can not sing, but all can conduct worship at such hours and in such a manner as shall tend to edification, and shall be free from every thing repulsive, tiresome, or monotonous.

How often in after years does the mind of the young man revert to the family altar, and to the associations connected with the hours of morning and evening prayer! And with these precious recollections of home, and faith, and prayer, there comes a power which banishes the doubts and dark suggestions of the enemy, disarms temptation, and strengthens his wavering purposes of devotion to truth and duty.

LINES

ON THE PICTURE OF AN ANCIENT RUIN.

BY MISS M. SMITH.

THESE are thy footprints, Time—this moldering wall,
This ivy-covered tower, this moss-grown stone,
These beams decayed, this shattered gateway—all
Make the deep impress of thy footsteps known.
Ages have passed since this old ruin stood
A castle fair, defying storm and blast,
And o'er its massive towers and turrets gray,
The withering breath of centuries hath passed.
Perchance the sounds of mirth and music rare
Have through these spacious halls their echo sent,
While shaded lamps in softened brilliance shone,
And to the festive scene new beauty lent.
Perchance to these deserted chambers came,
In youth's gay morn, the gentle, trusting bride;
The noble daughter of a noble race,
Nursed in the lap of luxury and pride.
And then, perchance, full many a funeral train
Hath passed in solemn grandeur from thy dome,
From gorgeous scenes of revelry and mirth,
Bearing the faded to a lowlier home.
And now, beneath the crushing weight of years,
Thou standest like some scathed and blasted tree,
While from each crumbling arch is heard a voice
Telling the record of mortality.

DEATH-WATCH.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

THE Death-Watch is keeping the weary time
On his coffin-lid, under the wain;
His tick hath a weird and a painful chime
With the fever-pulse throbbing my brain.
I am sick—sick—sick
Of his tick—tick—tick
On his coffin-lid, under the wain.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY REV. WM. H. TAYLOR.

A FEW years since, in a portion of our "great West," there lived a man of middle age, with an interesting family, consisting of a wife and six children. Richard House was a man of robust constitution, strong mind, and sterling religious integrity. For the purpose of securing a home for his young family he left the conveniences of an older settlement and sought the wilderness.

A few families had previously settled near where he made his home. A small society had been formed, of which he became the leader; and he looked forward with pleasing hope to the day as not far distant, when, having secured an independence, he would be again surrounded by the comforts and privileges of his former life. But, alas for human hopes! Near the close of the first year in his new home, he found it necessary to return to the place of his former residence. Here, unconsciously, he was exposed to that dreadful disease, small-pox. He returned to his family and in a few days began to feel quite unwell, and on the twelfth day after his return was compelled to take his bed. Sending some miles he procured a skillful physician, who pronounced his disease small-pox. His fever was high, and for the most of the time he was delirious. Their few kind neighbors were alarmed, and, excepting one, Mr. Carter, were afraid to come near. His faithful wife nursed him with the tenderest care day and night.

On the Friday following his attack the pox had come out finely; he was literally covered with pustules from head to foot, but was able to walk to the fire. He conversed quite rationally, but before retiring for the night he, as had long been his custom, kneeled with his family around their altar, commending all their interests into the hands of a covenant-keeping God. Then, assisted by his wife, he undressed and retired for the night, insisting on his family lying down also and trying to get a good night's rest. It was now about eight o'clock. His wife, worn down with watching, lay on a bed near him, leaving the light burning and telling him if he wanted any thing to speak and let her know. Being much exhausted she soon fell into a sound sleep. Waking suddenly she raised herself in bed—looked at the clock; it was half-past ten. Then glancing at her husband's bed she saw with dismay he was not there. The bed was turned down, his clothes gone, and he no where to be seen. Springing to her feet she called the older children, and together they searched the

house and all around the premises, calling his name loudly; but all in vain. He was no where to be found. Who can imagine the feelings of that wife and those little children! It was a bitter cold night—had rained all the day before, then changed suddenly cold a little after night, and then commenced sleeting and snowing. The wind was now blowing keenly from the north-west and the storm still continued. O, where could the suffering one have gone on such a night?

After becoming satisfied he was not on the premises, his nearly-distracted wife sent one of the older children to the house of their faithful neighbor, Mr. Carter, to tell the news and seek help. Mr. Carter immediately spread the alarm among the few settlers, but they found it impossible to do much in searching for the lost one till daylight. At day-break a company of men had gathered and commenced the search. His wife discovered tracks near the gate, which she thought were those of her husband. These they followed for a few hundred yards, but they were soon lost in the brush. The country was scoured in every direction for miles, but no tidings of the lost was gained till about noon, when they came to the house of a Mr. Webber, five or six miles from home, where they were told he had been some time in the night before. The family informed the men that after retiring to bed the night before they were awakened by some one knocking at the door. Bidding him enter a man came in, whom they invited to the fire. He said he was very cold and had lost his way; that he had been helping to dig a grave, and had been caught in the storm and could not find his way home. Mr. Webber asked his name, and being told he inquired, in alarm, if he was not the man who had the small-pox. Mr. House answered that he was. At this Mr. Webber became very much frightened, and giving him some hasty directions, without so much as going to the door to show him the way home, suffered the poor man to leave and wander in the dark and cold. The next morning Webber set off for the nearest town in great haste to get vaccinated, without so much as informing the family of Mr. House of what had occurred. Continuing the search they obtained farther information from another man at whose house he had stopped a mile further, who informed them that some time in the previous night he had called there and inquired the way home. The man directed him, and followed him some way to see if he took the right road. Finding him about to take the wrong direction, he put him in the right road again. Let us now return to the afflicted family.

The Christian wife, after doing all she could to discover some trace of her husband, could only betake herself to *prayer*, that sure relief of the afflicted soul; for the Savior has not said in vain, "Come unto me ye that labor and are heavy laden," and "ye shall find rest unto your souls." Thus she did, and waited patiently to see what God would do. Although she could not expect to see her dear husband again, she was enabled to say, "Thy will be done," O Lord! About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the welcome news came, the lost is found; and, contrary to all human expectation, he was found alive!

Four or five miles from home he was found wandering in "the barrens." When asked where he was going, he replied he was hunting his little boy who was lost. With some difficulty he was convinced that he was the lost one, and that his family were anxiously awaiting him at home. Without any assistance he mounted one of the horses provided and rode within half a mile of home, when, complaining of being very cold, he dismounted and walked the remainder of the way.

In the mean time his wife had provided for his reception and was awaiting him anxiously. She met him at the gate, took one of his swollen hands in hers and led him into the house. His face was very black, his limbs badly swollen, so that it was with difficulty his boots could be removed. For the moment he appeared to recognize his wife and children and realize his return home, but then again became irrational and talked incoherently. During his absence of more than eighteen hours he had a few lucid moments, during which he felt that he must perish. His wife soon got him to bed and tried every means that affection could devise to make him warm and comfortable, but without success. He shook for hours with the cold. His physician came and finally succeeded in getting him to sleep. He slept till morning, when he appeared to revive and converse rationally. He said he had left home under the impression that he was called upon to go and assist in digging a grave, and that his wife was going to help dress the corpse of a woman that had died in the neighborhood. He started toward the graveyard, but soon wandered from the road till found as above related. Hopes were entertained of his recovery; but about the middle of the ensuing week he began to decline, and on the following Sabbath, just as the sun set behind the western horizon, his spirit took its flight to the better land.

The above remarkable story is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, that are well au-

thenticated. It shows how much the human frame can endure, and well proves the old saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

NUMBER I.

AT THE INSTITUTE.

MY DEAR —, I shall very cheerfully comply with your request, to "write you stat- edly, and on such subjects as I deem of importance to you." You need have no "fear that I shall find the task irksome." On the contrary, I am glad that you have preferred the request. So long as you attach value to my counsels, I shall have heart-felt pleasure in writing to you. Even if I loved you less, a sense of parental duty would impel me to advise you in all things to the best of my ability. When I gave you to God in baptism, I solemnly vowed to be a co-worker with him in training you for usefulness in time and for happiness in eternity. I have striven earnestly to pay that vow, and already I have my reward. I will not conceal from you, my dear daughter, that in your general deportment, in your conscientiousness and love of truth, and in your filial affection, your dear mother and myself find a rich compensation for the care and watchfulness we have exercised over you. It is right that you should know this, and should understand that we not only love you as our offspring, but that we esteem you for your personal qualities. Even parental and filial love are strengthened by resting not alone upon natural affection, but also on the respect which virtue inspires. You are old enough now to appreciate this, and I write thus frankly because I think your self-respect will be strengthened by such knowledge, and that it will be a stimulus to you to attain yet higher excellence. God bless you, my very dear —, and early lead you to that saving knowledge of himself which will enable you at all times to "walk in the ways of his commandments blameless!"

Before I engage in this correspondence, let me make one stipulation—you must never cease to give me your entire confidence. That I have possessed it to this hour is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. Your mother and myself have always striven to make each of our children feel that their parents, beyond all other earthly friends, are most entitled to their confidence, and will best appreciate and most respect it. You will bear me witness that my ear and heart have ever been open to the story of your

joys and sorrows, my tongue ever ready to counsel and my hand to help. I know not that even in the prattling days of your early childhood you ever asked me a question that I petulantly refused to answer, or expressed to me a thought or a feeling to which I did not give affectionate attention. In this I have done only what I believed to be the duty of every parent. Too often, alas! have I seen a young child's growing confidence repulsed, and its tender trust rudely destroyed, by a parent's petulant rebuke of its inquisitiveness or contemptuous laugh at its ignorance. The sensitive plant shrinks not more suddenly from the rude touch than does the child's confidence from the sharp rebuke or the cruel laugh; and that confidence soon dies under the repetition of the shock. I grieve over the lack of tenderness or the thoughtlessness that thus so often destroys the sweetest bond of the family relationship. A little self-denial and self-control would prevent this terrible and irreparable mischief, and secure a family oneness that is "better than riches" and "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." God grant that nothing may ever wean you from that frank trust and confidence in your parents which it has ever been our pride and joy to create and foster!

And while you give to your parents an unwavering and unqualified confidence, let me counsel you, my dear —, to be very careful about your *intimacies* elsewhere. Your friendships, especially with those of your own age, should neither be numerous nor hastily formed. You may have many acquaintances, but you need and should have few *companions*. Your new situation will expose you to temptation in this respect. Excluded for the first time from home associations, thrown among so many of your own sex and age, and compelled to associate with them daily, your first impulse will be to admit not a few to your confidence. Resist this impulse. Wait till you know something more of their character. Let your *first* friends be your worthy principal and his excellent wife—the latter especially. To a great extent they, for the present, take your parents' places. As a loving and faithful father I did not confide you to their superintendence and care without first satisfying myself of their intellectual, moral, and religious qualifications, as well as of their professional abilities. I was even more solicitous about the former than the latter. It will be safe and wise to follow Mrs. —'s counsels, and she will not repel you if you seek her friendship. For the present, at least, prefer the friendship of persons of age and experience. Indeed, I had almost said that such a friendship is the only

one you need. Certainly it is the only one you need to *seek*. Especially avoid any closer acquaintance than courtesy demands with the young ladies around you whose thoughts dwell on vanities and frivolities, whose conversation is only of dress and fashions, or idle gossip and speculations upon the other sex. At your age, my dear —, you are better without any intimacy that will not foster the higher and purer qualities of your nature. Nor will you have time for many intimacies. You have been placed where you are with a well-defined object; namely, your improvement and maturity in education. This involves expense, cheerfully incurred, but not inconsiderable, nevertheless. You can not, nor do I wish that you should, repay me in kind; but you can recompense me by improving your advantages to the utmost. To do this you must fortify your mind against the frivolities that are too often engendered of mere girlish intimacies and friendships. You require more than time for progress in learning. You need the perfect control and mastery of your thoughts; the power of applying your mental faculties at will to your studies. Moreover, a habit of caution and reflection with reference to your closer personal associations, if formed thus early, will be of incalculable benefit to you hereafter. Perhaps nothing is to a woman so fruitful a source of mortification and misery as her liability to be guided by her feelings rather than by her judgment in the formation of her friendships. I want you, my dear daughter, to be guided in this as in all other matters, by principle and not by passion, and to study character closely—mental, moral, and religious—before you confer your friendship and confidence.

"Since friends grow not thick on every bough,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself.
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

With respect to your deportment toward the other inmates of the institute I doubt not you will be wisely counseled by Mrs. — and the teachers. Any advice I can give you must be very general in its character, save on one point, on which I must speak explicitly. If in the order of domestic arrangements you are thrown into association as room-mate with any young lady whose personal habits and moral qualities are not good, have no hesitation about speaking frankly on the subject to Mrs. —, or to any one who may have the control of such matters, and requesting a change of such companion. Of course I would not have you do this for light and insufficient cause, but I must lay my earnest request upon you to do it when the cause

is sufficient. Old as the maxim is, it is still true that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and great as is my confidence in you, I can not consent that you should be exposed for months to the influence of such close and constant association with any one of unlady-like bearing or dull moral perceptions. As you will perhaps wonder that I should lay so much stress upon this point, I will tell you that it is at your excellent mother's special request, and I may here say that though in this correspondence the handwriting be mine, hers will often be the inspiration. She can well appreciate the influence of a room-mate upon one of your years.

For your guidance in regard to your general deportment I can give you no better maxim than the Divine rule, "Whatsoever you would that others should do unto you, that do unto them." This is the sum of all true politeness—the surest path to all true elevation of character. Act upon it uniformly, and if you sometimes err through imperfection of knowledge, you will experience none of that stinging sense of self-reproach which ever accompanies a departure from that pure standard of right and wrong. You will, on the other hand, have the self-sustaining consciousness of a good intention. Be just to others and be just to yourself. To the principals, to your teachers, to those who are your superiors in age or station, give unhesitatingly the respect which is their due. To your equals be affable and courteous. To your inferiors be generously civil. You will have little to do with the domestics of the family; but should you come in contact with them, treat them invariably with unassuming kindness. I particularly wish you to cultivate this disposition early. I can not conceive of a true Christian lady—nay, of a truly-refined and tender woman, to say nothing of Christianity—treating with harshness those of her own sex, who, in the providence of God, are doomed to toil and privation, and upon whom she depends so largely for her domestic peace and comfort. You have had a better example before you. Follow it at all times. To the servants of the household conduct yourself with graciousness; not with familiarity, for that too would be wrong, but with the kindness and consideration that are due to all, and which to the toiling domestic are the more grateful because too commonly denied them. Cultivate a true politeness toward all—true politeness as I have defined it—and you will have your reward in the commendation and respect of all whose respect is worth having.

The remarks that I have made about intimacies and friendships will be misinterpreted if

they lead you to stand aloof from the pleasant freedom of social intercourse. Now is the time for you to cultivate your social talents. When you leave — Institute you will commence the *business* of life. You will have to take your place in society. Prepare yourself to fill it worthily. Accustom yourself to such of its usages as are honorable and right. There is one point in which I should like to see some improvement in my dear —. Assiduously aim at greater self-control. I know that you are yet young, and that it may seem somewhat ungracious to press upon you just now so grave a counsel. But if you would reap the full advantage from it, it is *now* that you must learn the difficult science of self-government. If the lesser joys and sorrows of life are permitted to unduly elate or depress you, the greater ones will assuredly have the same effect, even though your years may be riper. I want you to acquire *now* the *habit* of self-control, so that when you come to fill your allotted place in society you may be qualified for it. What will be easy now, because all your surroundings are favorable to its exercise, will be different two years hence in the face of increased embarrassments and of other duties. Be just to yourself in this matter. Labor to acquire greater self-possession, so that your bearing shall, while modest, be firm and self-reliant in whatever society you may be thrown into, as far from awkwardness as from that unmaidenly boldness which too often at the present day passes for fashionable ease. Calmness and equanimity of carriage will repay you for their cultivation. They are both useful and ornamental.

Other counsels I will defer till my next letter. But there is one that I must not postpone or omit. My dear daughter, "*fear God and work righteousness.*" Learning is well; but godliness is better. Very pleasant is the knowledge of your love for me, but my joy therein can never be perfect till I know that you love God with all your heart. You have many advantages, but they will rise up in judgment against you, unless you sanctify them by using them for God's service. I may give you many counsels, but greater and more imperative than they all is God's command—"Give me thy heart." My beloved daughter, listen to that counsel. Whatever else you study, *study God's Word*. Other studies may make you wise for time; *that shall make you wise for eternity*. Whatever friendships you may form, wed your heart to Him who cleaveth closer than a brother. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." Amen and amen.

Your affectionate father.

RENÉE OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

IN November, 1528, the city of Ferrara, which had for months been visited with a destructive pestilence, was told to put on "beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning." Absentees were to return to their homes, preachers to their pulpits, professors to their chairs. Buyers and sellers were to go to the markets as oforetime, and the citizens in their gayest attire, and, if possible, on horseback, were to await on the bank of the River Po the coming of the royal barge, bearing Renée, a princess of France, the bride of Hercules, the son and heir of the Duke Alphonse. It was midnight before the royal cortege arrived at the beautiful palace of Belvedere, situated on an island in the river, and on the following day Renée made her public entry into the gates of Ferrara. Accompanied by the ambassadors of France, Venice, and Florence, by fourteen young and noble ladies of France, and eighty noble pages attired in crimson, the royal stranger seated on a canopied litter, with a golden crown upon her head, entered Ferrara. The firing of artillery on the banks of the river and the bastions of the castle was answered by the sweet tones of the bells of the churches, as she passed along the grand strada, gay with green, white, and red tapestries, preceded by the nobles, clergy, and doctors of the town to the cathedral, where she was presented with the keys of the city in a silver basin, and received the solemn benediction of the Bishop of Commachio. She was thence conducted to the Estense Palace, hung with arras and cloth for the reception of the royal bride. There were many bereaved and desolate hearts in the crowd assembled on that day, but all sounds of mourning were hushed, and there seemed no ripples on the tide of joy that rolled through the streets of the noble city. Did not this joy, with its deep under-current of sorrow, shadow forth the future of the royal bride? Her eventful life may be well divided in four marked periods. Her girlhood in France; the first happy years of her married life, when she held her brilliant court at Ferrara; her dark days of imprisonment and persecution in that city; and, finally, her widowhood at Montargis.*

Renée, daughter of Louis XII, the father of his people, and Anne, of Brittany, was born at the Castle of Blois, on the 25th of October, 1510. She was not gifted with personal beauty, and her father once laughingly said that for one so

plain as Renée, it might be hard in future time to find a husband, a remark coldly reproved by the queen, who replied, "The love which personal beauty alone excites, passes away as quickly as its object, but that which is prompted by mental beauty is not subject to change, being fixed on that which is in itself enduring."

Anne wisely sought for her daughter that mental cultivation which may compensate for the absence of personal charms, and though prevented by enfeebled health and her early death from the supervision of her education, she committed so important a trust to one eminently qualified for the task. Madame de Soudon, a Breton lady, was gifted with an intellect of a high order, while to her early religious instructions may be traced Renée's predilections for the reformed faith.

Anne's wisdom was not shown in the matrimonial alliances she early sought for her daughter. As she had no son, and the Salic law excluded the princesses Claude and Renée from the throne, she wished to secure brilliant marriages for them. Claude was betrothed to Charles, of Austria, when she was in her cradle, but Louis XII dared not to sacrifice the integrity of his kingdom even to see his daughter an empress, so that this project was frustrated, and Claude was married to Francis, Count of Angoulême, became the "good queen Claude," of France, beloved by the people, though not by the husband, who despised and neglected her. This loving sister watched over Renée, early left an orphan, "and so far," says her biographer, "were the forebodings of Louis XII as to the consequences of her personal plainness from being realized, that she was in fact sought in marriage by the most celebrated personages of that period." Her hand was promised to the Archduke Charles when she should have attained the age of twelve, and even her dowry of 200,000 silver crowns, with the duchy of Berri, determined upon. This was set aside, and the Archduke Ferdinand spoken of, while Charles was contracted to Louise, of France, a child of a year old, the daughter of Francis and Claude.

Renée had another illustrious suitor in Charles, Duke of Bourbon, the celebrated Constable of France. Her childish imagination was captivated by him, and his immense wealth, lofty position, and noble qualities made the alliance a most desirable one. But poor Renée was destined to be the victim of State policy. Louise, of Savoy, the mother of Francis, who was eight years older than the constable, was attached to him and covetous of his large possessions. So Francis, in rejecting his proposals for Renée, which he thought showed too much ambition

* Some Memorials of Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara. London: Bosworth & Harrison.

for a subject, intimated to him "that it was in his power to raise himself to the highest dignity in the realm, next to the kingly state, by taking advantage of the favorable sentiments entertained for him by the widowed matron Louise." This proposal was rejected with disdain, and Louise, of Savoy, vowed vengeance against him. "On the pretense of being a Bourbon she claimed the inheritance of Suzanne's rich dowry to the exclusion of the constable; and not only robbed him of his estate, but alienated from him the affections of the Princess Renée." It must have been owing to her artful counsels that the young girl of twelve repulsed her noble lover, who, with the full consent of "good Queen Claude," once more asked her hand, with the heartless and mercenary reply, "that it was impossible for her any longer to entertain the idea of an alliance with a noble who must, if the legal proceedings proved fatal to his claims, become one of the poorest princes in Europe."

This good sister, who would fain have shielded Renée from worldliness and ambition, soon ended her sad life in her arms at the early age of twenty-five. "With solemn and grateful joy the purified sufferer must have exchanged the splendid misery of her earthly palace for the holy rest of her heavenly home."

Henry VIII, of England, asked for the hand of Renée, on his divorce from Catherine, of Aragon, but the offer was declined by Francis, who feared that so powerful a neighbor might claim her rights as the real heiress to the duchy of Bretagne, her mother's portion. At length, to win from the side of Charles V the coöperation of Alfonso I, Duke of Ferrara, the investiture of the duchy of Ferrara, so long withheld by the court of Rome, was promised to him, and the hand of the Princess Renée was given to his son, Hercules. And thus Renée was bestowed in marriage on the least distinguished of her noble suitors—the heir of a small dukedom, and not inheriting the fine qualities, the benevolence, probity, gentleness, simplicity, and bravery of his father, "the magnanimous Alphonso."

The marriage dowry of Renée, besides most precious ornaments, consisted of 250,000 golden scudi, for which an equivalent was assigned to Hercules in the French duchy of Chartres, and the viscounties of Caen, Falaise, and Bayeux, lands not reannexed to the Crown of France till the year 1597. The young prince, with an honorable company of nobility and with two hundred horse, came to the court of France to obtain his bride, who, not yet eighteen, was endowed with every good gift but that of beauty. Her intellectual powers had been developed by severe study, and she had attained

great proficiency in mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, history, and languages, both ancient and modern. Candid, sincere, and generous, munificent in her charities, courteous and dignified in her bearing, "she won all hearts by the graciousness of her address and the charm of her conversational powers." It was in the "Sainte Chapelle du Palais," at Paris, that miracle of architectural beauty, that the marriage of Renée was solemnized. Her bridal present from Duke Alphonso was 100,000 golden scudi.

Renée, although her appearance was in painful contrast with that of Lucrezia Borgia, the former beautiful Duchess of Ferrara, soon won the esteem and affection of her subjects by the purity of her character and the grace and affability of her bearing. Her literary taste, her love for science and art, with which her husband fully sympathized, soon made the court of Ferrara "a sort of Prytaneum of learned men," and learning received an impulse which it maintained during many brilliant years. Bernardo Tasso, father of the great Torquato, became her secretary, and Clement Marôt, the poet of the Reformation, here found an asylum from the malice of his enemies, and in graceful numbers and in the melodious accents of her native tongue sang the praises of his noble patroness. In Calvin, however, another French exile, who, under the assumed name of Charles d'Espeville, resided at her court, Renée found one better fitted by his weighty words to lead her inquiring mind, now moved by the religious questions of the day. Her convictions were deepened and her understanding enlightened, and she was from this time a sincere though secret ally of the Reformation. Her court now became a center, not only for learned men, but for those who were welcoming in their hearts the new doctrines that were dawning upon the darkness of Italy. Bruccioli's first volume of "The Holy Books of the Old Testament, translated from the Hebrew Verity into the Italian tongue," was dedicated "to the most illustrious Lady Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara." Three years before this dedication Vittoria Colonna, so distinguished for her virtues, talents, and her bias toward the doctrines of the Neapolitan reformers, visited Renée, in company with Bernardo Ochino, a Capuchin of venerable aspect, great original powers, and astonishing eloquence, who had drawn immense crowds in Modena, and who was elected general of his order. Ochino, through the influence of the Marchioness of Pescara, being established by Ercole, who had now succeeded his father in the dukedom, in an oratory in the Borgo della Misericordia on the Po, preached in the cathedral during the Advent season,

and Renée, "discerning the reformer in the Capuchin," listened with great satisfaction to his preaching of the truth. Five years after Ochnoi was again at Ferrara as a fugitive, being condemned at Rome as a heretic, and Renée aiding his flight from his armed pursuers, he reached Geneva in safety.

Madame de Joubise, the faithful governess of Renée's childhood, remained among her French attendants, and her daughter, Anne de Parthenai, Renée's favorite companion, afterward married to the Sieur de Pons, was one of the brightest ornaments of her court. That her own daughter might also enjoy the advantages of companionship, Renée chose Olympia Fulvia Morata to be the friend and fellow-student of the Princess Anne. This "marvelous child" was the daughter of a learned man, Fulvio Peregrine Morata, well known in the universities; so that although her home was humble her mind was early cultivated, and she only needed emancipation from the labors of the household to enter upon a life of study already inviting to her rapidly-expanding powers. This freedom came when in the palace of Este, and still under the care of her father, she enjoyed ample opportunities of instruction in classical learning, and improvement in her native talents of improvisation, composition, and recitation. So brilliantly was she gifted, that she attracted the notice of the learned and became the pride of Ferrara. In the apartments of the duchess, Olympia soon heard those stirring tones that were beginning to arouse Christendom. Chilian and Jean Sinapi, who instructed the Princess Anne and herself in Greek, and who were converts to the new faith, and, above all, her own father, who had been led by Curio to the truth, directed her attention to that path of life into which, through sorrow and bereavement, she was to enter.

Among the devout and honorable women numbered among the friends of Renée, was Lavinia della Rovere, wife of Paolo Orsini, distinguished for her mental powers and attainments, and her deep piety. She employed the influence of her father-in-law, the celebrated Camillo Orsini, in behalf of the Protestants who fell into the hands of the Inquisition, and she willingly left the splendors of the Estense palace to visit the martyrs in the dungeons of Ferrara.

Renée took the greatest pains in the education of her children, and in the choice of their preceptors and companions. She had three daughters and two sons. Her eldest, Anne d'Este, married Francis, Duke of Guise, a marriage that removed her entirely from the pure and religious atmosphere of her childhood. Lu-

crezia, the second daughter, made an unhappy marriage. She married the Duke of Urbino, and left him after two years, finding a home in the court of her brother, Alfonso II, of Ferrara, and establishing at San Matteo an asylum for wives, who, like herself, were separated from their husbands from incompatibility of character. Leonora d'Este, the youngest, greatly beloved at Ferrara, where she was regarded "as so pure and holy a creature that the deliverance of that city from an inundation was attributed to her prayers," seems alone to have been worthy of so noble and good a mother, and her name has been rendered illustrious by the genius of Tasso.

We pass now to the third period of Renée's life—the darker days of trouble and persecution at Ferrara, and not unfit for a preface to such a period, is her participation in the conspiracy of Fieschi, which has formed so brilliant a subject for the pen of the dramatist and the novelist. The young, brilliant noble was devoted to France, and thus secured the coöperation of Renée. The grand festival in which he reveals his plans to the young men of the city—the armed bands hastening to seize the city gates—the death of Giannettino Daia, and the flight of the aged Andrea on horseback—and the sudden disappearance of the successful Fieschi, who, in the moment of triumph, slipped from the plank leading to the galley where he was hastening to quell a revolt, are highly dramatic. Renée, as concerned in the revolt, must have felt disappointed at its failure, and she soon lost a powerful protector in the death of her brother-in-law, Francis I. A sorrow touching her still more nearly, was the marriage of her daughter Anne to Francis, Duke of Guise. It was a State necessity. The Duke of Ferrara owed money to Henry II, and the gift of his daughter to the favorite of the French king canceled the debt. The mother and sisters accompanied the young bride, then in her eighteenth year, to Mantua, where they bade her farewell, and returned home with sorrowing hearts.

With the departure of Anne d'Este is associated the disgrace of Olympia Morata, who was banished from the court and not even allowed to reclaim the trifling possessions she had left in the palace. It is not difficult to account for the duke's severity to the daughter and friend of heretics, but how the lovely and accomplished Olympia could have excited the anger of Renée, is a mystery not to be solved. It was supposed that Olympia was the victim of calumny, and that, absent attending the death-bed of her father, she had none to plead her cause. The clouds were darkening over the once brilliant court. Chilian and Jean Sinapi soon left the

palace whence their distinguished pupil had been so unworthily spurned. The Princess Lavinia de la Rovere, on her return, exerted her influence with the duke in behalf of Olympia and her family, whom she visited to express her kindly sympathy. Olympia's marriage with Andrew Grunthler, a German medical student, who admired her virtue and shared her faith, removed her from the persecutions of Ercole to his father-land.

Olympia had visited a martyr in the dungeons of Ferrara, who, for two years, was there a faithful witness for the truth, and Lavinia de la Rovere also ministered to his necessities. Had Renée no power to help him? This was Faventino Fannio, the first martyr in Italy for the cause of the Reformation. Having studied diligently the Holy Scriptures he began to teach the citizens of Faenza the doctrines he had learned from its pages, when he was cast into prison by the Inquisition. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends he recanted, but so great was his remorse that he resolved upon a fresh devotion of himself and his powers to the cause he had denied. He traveled through Romagna teaching the truth, when he was again arrested and cast into the dungeons of Ferrara. "Let it suffice you that I *once* denied my Savior," was his steadfast reply to his wife and sister, who urged him to recant to save his life, and early one morning Fannio was hung upon the piazza, his body burnt, and its ashes scattered on the river.

In 1551, the year of this first martyrdom, the order of Jesuits was established in Ferrara, where they soon became very powerful. On the 22d of May, 1552, Giorgio Siculo was hanged at night before the window of the Palazzo della Ragione on the charge of heresy. But the dispersion of the Reformed Church at Ferrara could not satisfy Jesuits and Inquisitors while the duchess still believed in these new doctrines. The duke, stimulated by his confessor, consulted the bigoted Henry II, of France, who sent Doctor Matthew Oriz, who had been appointed Inquisitor of France, to reclaim the Duchess Renée to the Catholic faith. He was armed with a document praying the duke, in case of the failure of remonstrance and persuasion, to seclude her entirely from her family and from all society and conversation.

It was perhaps before the coming of Oriz that the duke, under the advice of the Jesuit Pelletario, dismissed all the members of the duchess's household who were thought to be in sympathy with her views. Her preacher, steward almoner, and the learned preceptor of the princess, were sent away on the 18th of March, and the duch-

ess, either in disgust at this tyranny or at the command of her husband, retired to the Palace of Consandolo.

In vain were the arguments, persuasions, and threats of Oriz. The duchess, it is said, "endured with obstinacy the execution of all those menaces." She still continued her correspondence with Geneva, and ate meat on Wednesdays, and to add to her offenses she attempted to proselyte in the neighboring Terra d'Argenta. The Jesuit and the Inquisitor found her "obstinately fixed in her doctrinal opinions," and the duke resolved to strike a decisive blow. On the night of the 7th of September he had her conveyed in a carriage, under the escort of Bishop Rossetti and his counselor, to the gloomy Castle of Ferrara. She was there strictly confined in the Cavallo chamber, with only two attendants. Her daughters were sent to a convent to be instructed in the Catholic faith. Many eyes were turned in hope and fear to the prison of the duchess. Would she be loyal to her faith amid the gloom of solitary confinement and the darker doom that might await her?

With dismay by the Protestants, and with triumph by the Catholics, was the intelligence received that Renée had summoned to the castle the Jesuit Pelletario, whom she had so bitterly disliked, to receive her confession and to administer to her the eucharist after the rites of the Church of Rome. "It is impossible," says her biographer, "to believe that Renée's reconciliation to Rome was genuine; equally impossible to excuse or to palliate the dissembling course which she now pursued."

The duke at once freed her from her dismal imprisonment—they supped together in token of renewed amity, and the next day her children were restored to her. On the 1st of November she once more partook of the sacrament of the Mass, and the duke, now satisfied with her sincerity, permitted her to return to the Palace of St. Francesco on the first of December following.

The sequel will be given in another paper.

LIFE'S PHASES.

A CHRISTIAN man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

LEGENDS OF DUMPLING HILL—TOM BENNET.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

CHAPTER IV.

TIME passed on with little variation till Tom attained his thirteenth year, when a great change took place in his circumstances; namely, the important one of apprenticeship. What path in life he was to follow had often been a subject of discussion between the mother and son, Tom objecting to every trade but that of a printer; his mother, on the other hand, urging that each trade was equally respectable and profitable if respectably filled and industriously pursued, and she urged that a carpenter had as good a chance of being rich as any other.

As Tom in growing up the tall lad he had now become required more means to clothe and keep him than when he was a child, he had not idled his time away, but hired out occasionally to the farmers, doing such work as he could, and always bringing his wages home to his mother. There was, however, very little more than sufficed for his own wants, few as they were, and Mrs. Bennet's provision for housekeeping was necessarily of the most frugal order. Tom was of rather slender constitution, and farm work too severe; finding, therefore, that he was not able to pursue the rough life it demanded, he began to think seriously of a trade. He had been obliged to give up going to day school for a long time, but his kind friend, Mr. Murphy, still taught him at night, so that at this period of our story he had become an excellent accountant, and, considering all the disadvantages he had to contend with, a pretty good scholar. Sometimes he concluded he would like to teach, but he was too young, and his mother would not hear of any plan by which they would be separated. According to the fast notions of Young America, Tom might be supposed to have slipped his leading-strings and taken his affairs into his own hands. This, however, was not the case, neither was it common in the early days of which we write as in the present. He was as dutiful and kind a son as ever.

Mrs. Bennet's custom had by no means decreased. In addition to cakes she now made bread and rolls, which, being excellent, were sold to most of the new families who were still coming to the village. The Spanish family, the Trevanions, had been regular customers for some time, and it was Tom's business to serve them with a basket of bread twice a week at —, where they lived, and was about a half mile distant from the village. This adding considerably

to the widow's revenue, she concluded that she would now be able to get along without aid from Tom, who, if he was to be a tradesman, ought to lose no time in beginning his apprenticeship. But a separation—she could not think of it, and she begged that he would choose that of a carpenter, shoemaker, tanner—any thing so that he might not be obliged to leave the neighborhood. Tom had learned to love books and reading; therefore all his inclinations turned toward the printing office and setting of types. Delighted with the character of Franklin, and often discussing the career of that extraordinary man with Mr. Murphy, he had tacitly chosen him as his model, and wanted nothing better than to be, like him, the inmate of a printing-house, where he might essay to use the talents he sometimes hoped he had secretly and without fear of mockery—which he had learned to dread—if he failed.

The execution of this favorite project was, however, not destined to be soon accomplished. One evening as the mother and son were sitting alone by their cottage fire they were surprised by a visit from Mr. Tompkins, who came to make proposals for taking Tom as an apprentice into the manufactory. Both were taken by surprise, neither of them had ever thought of such a thing, and, as Mr. Tompkins brought forward the example of Richard Arkwright and his inventions, at the same time representing the brilliant prospect of rising to eminence as a machinist, no wonder an impression was made upon the minds of both. Mrs. Bennet was most favorable, as the plan involved no separation from her son.

Tom, however dazzled by the more distant prospect it presented, was not quite so well pleased with the present view. To be a printer, and, like Franklin, win his way to eminence, had so long been a favorite plan that it could not be given up without reluctance, and, besides, although he liked Mr. Tompkins, who was, in the main, a kind-hearted man, he had no particular love for George, although he bore him no ill-will, for his insolent behavior in past days.

Urged, therefore, by the advice of friends and persuasions of his mother, Tom suffered himself to be bound as an indentured apprentice to Mr. Tompkins for a term of years, stipulating that for a time he should have two hours in a week to devote to his mother's service, and which his master freely allowed.

We can not detail the particulars of Tom's manufacturing life, fearing it might weary our readers, but simply say it was not happy. George, who was still going to school, but expecting soon to enter college, felt himself immeasurably above his father's apprentice, and treated him with a supercilious kind of patronage which our

forbearing but proud-spirited lad disliked more than open insolence. From the one he could protect himself, from the other he could not escape. If George went fishing, gunning, or nutting he would ask his father to let Tom go along, on which occasion he treated him as a menial, and kept him in a constant state of irritation. He was but a boy still, and, not now having his mother's admonitions so constantly at hand to aid him, what wonder that he began to relax his mental discipline, and, instead of the truer heroism of forbearance, as he had hitherto done, he began to feel that a manly display of spirit was necessary! Accordingly, on more than one occasion he, silently indeed, refused to obey master George's commands, assuming no airs, however, calculated to offend that young gentleman, who now without coming to open hostilities, left no opportunity unimproved of tormenting and annoying him by every petty means which lay within his power.

Tom bore all silently, making no complaint, not even to his mother, lest she should be pained by the recollection that yielding to her wishes had placed him in this disagreeable position. A thousand times he regretted the choice he had made, but, resolute to fulfill the engagement he had entered into, he determined to keep at such a distance from George that he could have no opportunity of displaying his arrogance, comforting himself that ere long he would be relieved of his presence, as he was to be sent away to college. The treatment he had received from the haughty lad, and his forbearance, had been a theme for discussion by the workmen and villagers, who often uttered a wish that "Tom would turn round some day and give that jack-anapes a good beating." Dare we say that his fast friend Nancy oftentimes advised him to this latter method of quieting his enemy, quoting many proverbs to convince her auditor that it "was right to show a little spunk." Tom, however, listened in silence, and with a countenance unmoved as if made of marble, but the strong elements pent up under that quiet exterior were moving, and about to spring into existence. Heretofore he had, by the effort of a strong will, held them in check; that hold was loosening, and, as he suffered from his adversary's treatment day by day, a firm determination to escape from it took possession of his soul. It was not long before an occasion offered.

We have already mentioned that Tom was allowed two hours in a week to perform certain duties for his mother. She had entered into an engagement to send bread and cakes twice a week to the Trevanion family, who lived half a mile from the village; some months of the year

for which the contract had been made were wanting, at the end of which Tom was to be released from the servitude of carrying it. It was a task he did not like, but he never refused to do any thing his mother wished, however distasteful to himself, and so, as Mr. Tompkins allowed him the time, he went on, performing the errand as regularly as ever.

One day—the ground was very muddy, for the rains that week had been frequent and heavy—Tom was sent with his basket of rolls and bread as usual. Finding the road almost impassable, he took another, which lay back of the fields and through a small strip of woods, at the farther end of which was situated the school-house. The play-ground, a denuded space, and now, owing to the late rains, rather muddy, lay on one side; at the other was a disused quarry, which was filled to the brim with water, and formed a favorite scene of amusement for such as delighted in sailing ships or hunting water-rats. The hour was early, yet many of the boys were already assembled there; their shouts of boyish merriment fell pleasantly on our hero's ear, and, leaving the path he had heretofore kept, he advanced upon the one which led directly to the school-house. Some of the lads were standing in front of the door, others, on the edge of the pond, had started a rat, and were throwing at it with sticks and stones, and several of the lesser boys were on the other side launching their tiny ships and boats upon this mimic sea.

Attracted by the magnetic power of sympathy Tom resolved to watch the merry lads as they chased the baffled rat from place to place, nevertheless without intending to join in the sport, and heedless that George Tompkins, now his utter aversion, was among the lookers-on. His coming was not unremarked, and the first greeting was by no means pleasant, for before any of the others had time to speak George said in a tone loud enough for Tom to hear, "See there, fellows, there comes my father's flunkey; he has cakes to sell, let's buy him out and send him back."

No answer was returned by any of the others, and Tom, although burning with indignation, vouchsafed no notice of the young gentleman, but, with as much calm dignity as though he was lord of the soil, instead of the bearer of a basket of bread, took his place among the rest, and watched the rat chase with true boyish interest. He forgot himself, his enemy, his basket of bread, and, indeed, his duty. His usual reserve and distance were lost sight of, and, after lingering a few moments, still carrying his burden on his arm, became completely absorbed in watching the boyish frolic; his eyes sparkled with excite-

ment, his face was lighted up with an expression of hilarity it had seldom wore.

This mood, however, was not of long continuance. One of the little boys who was about to launch his boat upon the muddy lake, advancing for that purpose close to the edge of the pool, he trod upon some long grass that marked a particular angle of the brink, and slipping upon it, fell into the water, and instantly sank. A cry of terror was instantly raised, but the larger boys, intent upon their sport, either did not hear it, or, mingling with their shouts that bore witness to their glee, it was not understood. In a moment Tom was recalled to himself; he saw the spot where the boy had gone down, for the exploding bubbles still disturbed the surface of the water. To set his basket down on the bank, divest himself of hat and roundabout, was scarce the work of a second. He was strong of limb and a practiced swimmer, and, diving down, he caught hold of the little boy and brought him to the bank in less time than it has taken to relate it, and before the rest had recovered from the fright occasioned by the occurrence.

The little fellow was laid on the bank, and, made to disgorge the water he had swallowed, was soon recovered sufficiently to be able to go home, and Tom was left to proceed on his errand, as it was no use to remain to watch the sport, which was now broken up. George Tompkins had made one of a group who were watching the rat chase, and was standing close by the place where Tom had left his clothes and basket at the time of the accident. On this morning he was more than usually imbibed against Tom, for his father, in reproving him for indolence, had bid him take an example of steady industry from the latter.

No sooner had little — been dragged out of the water, and it was ascertained that no injury was sustained, than he perpetrated an act of petty revenge which was to prove a pivot on which most important events were afterward to hinge. While Tom was busy with his little charge, he advanced to the spot where the articles lay, and, with one kick of his foot, sent hat, jacket, basket, all into the muddy pool.

Till the little lad was perfectly safe Tom did not think of himself or the danger of remaining in his wet clothes; but a feeling of chilliness now reminded him that he was neglecting his duty both to himself and others. He turned to get his jacket and basket; neither was there, the place they had occupied was empty, but they had not disappeared, for, floating on the surface of the pool, hat, coat, and basket still remained in neighborly proximity with each other.

"Who has done this mean, low-lived trick?"

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inquired Tom in a voice of the utmost calmness, while his heart was throbbing wildly with pent-up emotions.

No answer was returned; some were indignant, others did not see who did it, and a few were afraid to "anger the rich man's son."

"Well," continued Tom, still calmly, "I will go on to Mr. Trevanion's; the bread was for them, and the basket and napkin their own. I must let them know what has become of their property, and since none of you will give me a clew to the mean puppy who has thus lowered himself, perhaps he will take some steps for finding it out."

A slight murmur now arose among the boys, and just as Tom was turning away one of them called out, "Tom, don't have us all blamed, it was George Tompkins, and I saw him do it."

"And I—and I," shouted a second and a third.

"I did not suppose it was any other," replied Tom, coolly. "Not another boy in Murphy's school would be guilty of such a low trick, and at such a time when a boy was near being drowned."

"Fight him, Tom, he deserves it," cried one of the larger boys.

"I wish he would try it," said George, "I would whip 'Patch' with my little finger."

Tom, now fairly aroused, made some spirited answers, which George returned with a blow in the face, and our hero, now maddened with the pain and the jeering shouts which surrounded him, entered into a regular battle, and, in pugilistic phrase, "pitched into" his enemy as fiercely as if he had been bred a prize-fighter. To conquer him was, however, a very easy act. George was an arrant coward—none but a coward would have perpetrated such a mean act—and Tom achieved a complete victory with very little injury to himself.

The boys looked on amazed. Was this Tom Bennet, whom they had so long persecuted with thoughtless hostility, interpreting his gentle forbearance into spiritlessness, of all vices of character the most condemned by boys? Touched now with involuntary respect for the prowess he exhibited, one of them fished out his hat and coat from the pool, wrung the water from them, and declared, as also did others, how sorry they were that he had been so badly treated. Tom thanked him, and told him he would not forget the favor, and then, without uttering another word, took the by-path to the village, disappearing among the trees just as Mr. Murphy came limping into sight upon the regular road. How little we know the moments which decide the destinies of life! When Tom

arose on that morning, the manufacturer's apprentice little imagined the change which a few hours would bring to him. The day was a common day, in no wise differing from others in the hitherto routine of his life; but now, an accident, a seeming chance, was to be productive of mighty events to him, as our sequel will show. And is not this in some degree the case with all? We take no heed of the moments, nor ever thought twice about the change of intention, which by one of the accidents (accidents!) of life determined for good or for evil, for happiness or misery, the color of our remaining years.

Instead of returning to the manufactory, Tom went home to his mother's cottage, and having detailed the occurrence already related, declared that nothing would now induce him to remain another day in the village. Mrs. Bennet seeing that reasoning and persuasion were alike vain, yielded with her usual submission to this seemingly severe Providence; and it was not till Tom had left his home, to wander she knew not where in search of another, that she gave way to the bitter flood of grief in which, at the commencement of our story, we found our old friend Nancy, trying to comfort her.

Keeping aloof from all human intercourse throughout the day, in order to mature his plans, he waited till night had shrouded the village in darkness, and then set out with the determined resolution of battling courageously with Fortune. Boyhood and beggary are said to be equally thoughtless, and Tom had little idea of what is to be encountered when one is poor, destitute of friends, and no influence to thrust them forward in the world. But there is a Divine eye which never closes to the deserving, and its steady light shining on the rugged path of the desolate boy guided him at last to the haven of all his wishes.

We might dwell at length on the grief of the widow, the wonder and gossip of the villagers, when the fact of Tom's flight was fully ascertained. Some approved, others blamed; a few thought the "young scapegrace who would dare to beat his master's son would come to no good;" the most, however, thought he had done right, as they said, "to take his own part at last, and show he was of the right stripe after all." His two firm allies, the schoolmaster and landlady of the "Black Bare," remained his firm champions, the advertisement in the newspaper of six cents reward, and the disgrace of being thus shamefully brought before the public being duly commented upon. The affair proved, as many had predicted, a nine days' wonder and was then dropped.

Years passed away; many of those who had spoken in praise or blame of the orphan boy, died or left the village, and Tom, returning no more, was forgotten, save by a few. The unlearned, meek-spirited, but true-hearted mother would have been left alone in her sorrow, but for the faithful Welshwoman, who, constantly murdering the "King's English," as she did, yet managed to use it so as to convey the sympathy needed by all, and so soothing to mortal suffering, and which the learned and wealthy but seldom trouble themselves to dispense.

After a time Mrs. Bennet resumed her usual calmness; folks said she received letters inclosed under cover to Mr. Murphy; if so, the old man knew how to keep a secret, and Tom's affairs ceased to be discussed.

CHARITY.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Now what bad thing is this
That comes beside the spring?
Surely the hand hath wrought amiss
That made so coarse a thing!
I shudder to see it and shrink
Away to the farthest brink;
For its black eyes stare and blink
With a look of reptile guile;
And I can but sicken, and think
That it is loathsome and vile.

Strange how evil and gloom
Are thrust in every place!
I can not pluck a Summer bloom
But a worm is on its face.
And close by the song-bird bliss
(Like a frown that ends a kiss)
Such venomous things as this,
Finish the tenderest strain
With a hateful croak, or hiss,
And a sound of pain.

"Look!" said a gentle one,
"It lies in a shady lair;
I draw it under the smiling sun,
And lo! it is good and fair!
It has colors of green and gold
In many a changeable fold,
And its delicate feet are soled
With a web like a tissue of Lisle:
See how it brightens the mold—
Is it loathsome and vile?
So let but Charity's light
Shine on the faultiest thing,
And straightway it glistens in raiment bright
As if it were blossoming.
Behold! it is not alone
By the outward look and tone,
That the inmost soul is known,
For a loving heart may smile
When a sober, frowning face is shown,
And we cry, 'It is vile!'"

MARIA ANTOINETTE AND THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

EDITORIAL.

THE storm of revolution, whose elements had been gathering for ages, burst upon France in all its fury in 1789. A delirium seized upon the masses, and, impelled as it were by some overwhelming instinct of madness, they swept through the streets of Paris, setting at defiance all law and order. Many of the soldiers of the king joined the maddened people. Most of the wealthy citizens fled, carrying with them whatever they could. Louis ordered a large portion of the troops yet remaining loyal, to Versailles for the protection of the royal person and family. This was a most impolitic step. The very force which should have met the mob on its own ground, and met them at the outset, was ordered away, leaving Paris in a fearful state of anarchy. It was the first triumph of the mob. Scenes ensued which baffle description—such, indeed, as the world never before witnessed. All restraints were removed, and demoniac passions raged uncurbed. On the 14th of March the Bastille was stormed and taken by the frenzied masses. This added fuel to the flames.

The energy of Maria Theresa now began to show itself in the unfortunate Antoinette. But in vain did she endeavor to arouse her stolid husband to the necessity of vigorous and heroic resistance. He was wholly unmoved. The inexplicable combination of goodness and stolidity in his character now reigned supreme. The only thought was that of winning back the love of his subjects, proposing compromises when he ought to have been running bullets, and finally declaring that not one drop of the blood of his people should ever be shed at his command. He even resolved to go in an open carriage and unprotected from Versailles to Paris, that he might at once prove his personal courage and also his love for the people. The queen was in an agony over this mad resolve, but all her efforts to prevent its execution were unavailing, and she bade him adieu, never expecting his return. Evidence of a plot to assassinate him on the way could not shake his purpose. The National Assembly, then in session at Versailles, and comprising twelve hundred members, though sympathizing with the people, were not yet prepared for the sacrifice of the king. They adjourned, and, forming a procession, followed him on foot. This was on the 17th of July. The king was continually exposed to the jeers and insults of the numberless hordes that thronged the streets and hedged up his way. That he

escaped death upon the spot is almost a miracle. The visit was planned without wisdom, and its issue was without advantage. Late at night the stolid king returned safely to his distracted family.

Soon the attention of the mob was turned toward Versailles, and, driven by a blind instinct, it rushed in that direction. Lafayette, at the head of 35,000 troops, was utterly powerless to check the mighty torrent. Fleet messengers warned the royal family of its approach. Louis entreated the queen to take the children and flee to some place of safety. "I am the daughter of Maria Theresa," she proudly replied, "and have learned not to fear death. Nothing shall induce me to desert my husband in this extremity." The scene that followed is thus described by the historian of that period: "From the windows of their mansion the disorderly multitude were soon descried, in a dense and apparently-interminable mass, pouring along through the broad avenues toward the palaces of Versailles. It was in the evening twilight of a dark and rainy day. Like ocean tides, the frantic mob rolled in from every direction. Their shouts and revels swelled upon the night air. The rain began to fall in torrents. They broke into the houses for shelter, insulted maids and matrons, tore down every thing combustible for their watch fires, massacred a few of the body guard of the queen, and, with bacchanalian songs, roasted their horses for food. And thus passed the hours of this long and dreary night in hideous outrages, for which one can hardly find a parallel in the annals of New Zealand cannibalism. The immense gardens of Versailles were filled with a tumultuous ocean of half-frantic men and women, tossed to and fro in the wildest and most reckless excitement."*

Toward morning the mob forced an entrance to the palace. The guards were cut down and mutilated with savage barbarity. Antoinette had barely time to escape from her bed-chamber when the raging multitude burst into it with horrid oaths and the basest ribaldry. Her bed was pierced through and through with their bayonets. Lafayette with extreme difficulty rallied enough of the National Guard to save the lives of the royal family, but not to protect them from insult. The multitude stuck the bloody and ghastly heads of the butchered guards upon pikes and held them up before the windows, where they could be seen by the royal family.

A dark and stormy day succeeded this terrible night. It was the 8th of October, 1789. The drenching rain and chilling wind had neither

*J. S. C. Abbott.

diminished the number nor abated the fury of the mob. They crowded the gates of the palace, firing bullets through the windows and doors. Maria Antoinette now appeared in the splendor of her queenly character. She was calm and heroic. Regardless of the shots which were whistling by her she intervened to save some of her faithful guards. When M. Luzerne placed himself before her to shield her she firmly with her own hand resisted the effort, saying, "The king can not afford to lose such a faithful servant as you are." When the multitude demanded that she should show herself upon the balcony she immediately came forth, with her children by her side. She thus appealed to them as a mother. She knew they had long hated her, but she thought they would honor the children of the king. "Away with the children," they exclaimed. Without the least perceptible tremor she led them back, and immediately appeared alone, with her arms folded and her eyes turned upward to heaven. This act of daring heroism struck the multitude with profound surprise; not a gun was fired, not an arm raised against her. After a moment of silence a spontaneous burst of applause arose, and shouts of "Vive la reine! vive la reine!" pierced the skies. Had the king possessed the genius to avail himself of this change in the popular sentiment, he might have leaped upon the top wave and completely turned the current in favor of both himself and his queen. But this was too much to expect. The golden opportunity passed forever.

The vast multitude were acting without plan, or purpose, or even a leader. Yet the king, Lafayette, and the National Guard of 35,000 armed men were completely powerless before them. But why powerless? Simply because they lacked the genius, energy, and decision called for at the moment. They were in fact as much without plan or purpose as the mob itself.

The multitude now demanded that the king should go to Paris. With the same blind lack of policy which marked him always, he consented to go on condition that his wife and children should accompany him. Thus, instead of availing himself of the auspicious moment when they might have been conveyed to a place of safety, he plunged them into the very jaws of destruction. They left Versailles at one o'clock, and were seven hours upon the journey. It was an awful ride. "Before, behind, and around was a hideous concourse of vagabonds, male and female, in uncounted thousands, armed with every conceivable weapon, yelling, blaspheming, and crowding against the carriages, so that they surged to and fro like ships in a storm." The gory heads of the murdered guards were borne on pikes by

the windows of the carriage, so as to be in constant view of those within. There was also a constant discharge of fire-arms, so that the carriage was filled with the smoke of the powder. The bullets also pierced the windows, ornaments, and other parts of the royal carriage. It seems almost a miracle that the party escaped with their lives. The Tuileries now became in fact the prison instead of the home of the royal family. That night Paris is described as being one vast boiling caldron of tumult and riot. Scenes were enacted that transcended all former violence and wickedness. The poor little dauphin, when he awoke in the morning, hearing the guns firing and the tumult in the street, clung to his mother's neck, trembling with fear, and exclaiming, "O, mother! mother! is to-day yesterday again?" Poor child! darker and sadder scenes were yet in reserve for him.

Maria was the special object of hate to the revolutionists. The most absurd stories were circulated about her hatred of France. At one time the rumor was that she was inciting the king to bombard the city; at another that she was organizing the refugees from the country at Coblenz for its invasion; and again that she was trying to rouse Austria—alas! Maria Theresa was now no more—to come to the rescue of the king. These reports maddened the brutal multitude to such a degree that every hour her life was in imminent peril. She was watched continually. Every word, act, and expression of countenance was reported to add fuel to the flames. Her very name was a watchword for rage and execration. The multitude fell upon her few friends and tore them in pieces with the fury of famished wolves. Maria was frequently importuned to flee to some place of safety, but she resolutely determined never to leave her husband and children, but to live or die with them.

One cause of great embarrassment to the king was the fleeing from France of the nobles and those friendly to law and order. This has been spoken of as one of the *misfortunes* of the king, and the nobles have been severely censured. Even Maria wrote to them a beseeching letter, in which she says, "If you love your king, your religion, your government, and your country, return! return! return!" These censures are absurd. The policy or rather impolicy of the king left them no other alternative than to stay at home and be butchered by the mob, or to seek safety by flight. Thousands of them would have rallied to the standard of the king and subdued the mob by force; but to stay in Paris and submit unresistingly to being butchered in the streets, hung at the lamp-posts, or having their

dwelling burned around the head of their families, was asking a little too much of human nature. But through all Louis persisted in his refusal to assume a hostile attitude to his people. He would apply the endearing epithet "my children" to the wolves ravening for the blood of his wife and children, still vainly hoping to win them back by concessions, and by evincing toward them a forgiving and kind spirit.

The crowned heads of Europe now began to be interested in the struggle. The brother of the king, subsequently Charles X, went from court to court to create an interest for Louis. Joseph II, king of Austria, full of alarm for his royal sister,* had offered to send an army of 35,000 to aid the loyalists of France in reestablishing the royal authority. But these reports only infuriated the multitude still more. The ferocious Marat now rose to influence in the Assembly. "Citizens," he exclaimed, "watch with an eagle eye that palace, the impenetrable den where plots are ripening against the people. There a perfidious queen lords it over a treacherous king, and rears the cubs of tyranny." His invective was received with rounds of applause. Even the king now became aroused to his danger, and resolved to escape. His plan was well laid, though not by himself, and had well-nigh succeeded. The arrest and return of the royal family to Paris form one of the most thrilling chapters of this sad history. This was the last ray of light that gleamed upon the waning fortunes of the king, and this proved to be only a terrible mockery of his hopes. Thenceforward only an accumulation of horrors awaited him and his wretched family.

His return to Paris occurred on the 25th of June, 1791. Over one year longer they continued prisoners in the palace, suffering indignities and exposed to perils unparalleled. At this time the French people were divided into three classes, each arrayed in deadly hostility toward the others. The first, comprising most of the nobles of the realm, desired the reestablishment of the monarchy. The second included the Girondists, who desired the dethronement of the king and the establishment of a republic. The third was that of the Jacobins, or ultra Democrats, who demanded the entire abolition of all distinctions of rank and wealth. While these factions were fiercely contending for the supremacy,

*J. S. C. Abbott, in his history of Maria Antoinette, strangely enough states that she was led by the left hand of the queen when she appeared before the Hungarian nobles. Had Mr. Abbott consulted his authorities he would have learned that this event occurred in 1741, or fourteen years before Maria Antoinette was born.

the startling intelligence reached Paris that an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men had crossed the frontiers of France, and were marching to the rescue of the royal family. The immediate effect of this news was to increase the madness of the multitude till it knew no bounds. It also brought about a partial and temporary alliance between the Girondists and Jacobins. To preserve the royal family longer in the palace was impossible. They were conveyed prisoners first to the hall of the National Assembly and then to the Temple.

Their friends no longer had access to them. Their servants were taken away and they were left to perform the most menial duties themselves. The Princess Elizabeth, the king's sister, was the only companion of their solitude. Their food was of the coarsest kind, and their treatment brutal in the extreme. As an illustration of the indignities they suffered it is related that one day, when the queen sought fresh air outside the door of her cell, one of the guards amused his companions by puffing tobacco smoke in her face.

In very pity for his misfortunes we now forget the weakness and stolid passiveness of the king. The pious trust, the patient endurance, and the affectionate sympathy for each other now manifested by the royal prisoners, make their prison a hallowed spot. The sainted Elizabeth seemed to be the good angel lending even a charm to their captivity.

Six weeks later, on one dark, gloomy night, the king was torn from the arms of this loving group, amid the agonizing screams of his wife and children, and hurried away to one of the most gloomy and loathsome cells of the dismal prison. The queen in the most piteous manner appealed to the sympathies of her jailers, wringing her hands in the agony of despair; but her entreaties fell upon hearts of stone. Thank God, there is retribution somewhere for crime!

On the 20th of January, 1793, a little more than five months after their incarceration, the king was condemned by the National Assembly to death, and the next morning the guillotine did its work. Over one hundred thousand citizens witnessed the tragedy. The condemnation and execution were hastened in consequence of the approach of the allied armies and the defeat of the French troops. Thus the bad fortune of the king continually followed him; the very means employed to benefit his cause, precipitating his misfortunes all through, and the final effort for his rescue only hastening his execution. In his last moments he maintained the firmness of his faith and the serenity of his mind. As he stood upon the scaffold he attempted to address the multitude. "People," said he, "I die innocent

of all the crimes laid to my charge. I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God the blood you are about to shed may never fall again upon France. And you, unhappy people—" Here his voice was drowned by the beating of drums and the clamor of the assassins. The king turned sadly away. His executioners bound him to the plank beneath the glittering ax. "The plank sunk. The blade glided. The head fell."

About four months more of dreary solitude and of agonizing suspense was endured by the queen, when a new affliction fell upon her. The scene is thus described by Mr. Abbott: "A loud noise was heard one night at the door of their chamber, and a band of armed men came tumultuously in and read to the queen an order that her little son should be entirely separated from her and imprisoned by himself. The poor child, as he heard this cruel decree, was frantic with terror, and, throwing himself into his mother's arms, shrieked out, 'O, mother! mother! do not abandon me to these men. They will kill me as they did papa.' The queen was thrown into a perfect delirium of mental agony. She placed her child upon the bed, and stationing herself before him, with eyes glaring like a tigress, and with almost superhuman energy, declared that they should tear her in pieces before they should touch her poor boy. The officers were subdued by this affecting exhibition of maternal love, and forbore violence. For two hours she thus contended against all solicitations, till, entirely overcome by exhaustion, she fell in a swoon on the floor. The child was then hurried from the department and placed under the care of a brutal wretch, whose name, Simon, inhumanity has immortalized." Utter despair now settled down upon the wretched Antoinette. Her daughter, Maria Theresa, and the Princess Elizabeth tenderly ministered to her; but her life was only one prolonged and ever-deepening agony.

The fiends who had her in charge could not long permit even these indulgences in kind effort to alleviate the wretchedness of the queen. They tore her away from her companions, and plunged her into one of the lowest and most loathsome of the dungeons beneath the Conciergerie. The walls were damp, and the floor was covered with mud and water. A rickety chair, an old pine table, and a miserable pallet was the only furniture in the cell. The shoes of the queen were soaked with water and soon fell from her feet, and her clothes rotted and fell from her body piece by piece. The wife of the jailer was smitten with compassion, and ministered a few comforts to the prisoner. But for this she and her husband were both plunged into a similar dungeon.

Unterrified by this the daughter of the new jailer visited the queen daily to minister to her necessities. Antoinette had drawn threads from a woolen blanket, and, by means of a toothpick, plaited them into a garter. Through the aid of the daughter of the jailer, she succeeded in transmitting it to her daughter, as the memorial of a mother's love. That garter is still preserved as a sacred relic.

The *denouement* with the poor queen, who must now thoroughly enlist our sympathies, was not long delayed. Early in October she was brought up from her loathsome dungeon into the court-room to undergo the mockery of a trial. She was a most pitiable spectacle. Her hair had become gray, and deep lines had been traced by still deeper agonies upon her queenly countenance. She condescended to make no defense, averring that she was in the hands of those from whom she had learned to expect neither justice nor mercy. Condemnation of course followed trial. Her sentence was death upon the guillotine within twenty-four hours. Neither the sentence nor the insults of the mob could affect her. Not a muscle moved, her cheek was unblanched, her eye calm and piercing, and she stood in spirit lofty and unbroken.

That night she wrote a very touching letter to her children and the Princess Elizabeth. Then she knelt down upon the floor of her cell and prayed till her soul was elevated and tranquilized by the influences of a serene and holy faith, after which she threw herself upon her couch and fell into a profound slumber. With the morning came the daughter of the jailer once more to exercise her kind offices. The queen was dressed in a white robe, and a white cap was placed upon her head. It was a simple yet eloquent protest of her innocence of crime against the State. To render the closing scene still more degrading her arms were bound behind her, and she was carried to the place of execution in an open hay-cart. It was surrounded by a strong railing, but contained no seat. She could not sit down, nor could she use her arms to steady herself, but was pitched violently to and fro as the cart rumbled along. Her clothing was disarranged, and she was bruised and wounded. It makes one almost shudder to think how demon-like humanity may become when we find even females adding insults and derision to all this misery. Shouts of laughter and cries of "Down with the Austrian!" greeted her throughout the long ride. The car paused a moment before the garden of the Tuileries. The queen gazed for a few moments upon the scene of her former grandeur, and the tears gushed from her eyes. With a strong effort of will she checked their flowing, and again

calmly looked around upon the surging multitude that like a vast ocean spread out around her.

The cavalcade soon reached the foot of the scaffold. It was the same on which her husband had been executed six months before. She calmly surveyed the instrument of death and the preparations for her own execution. "She waited for no directions, but with a firm, yet not hurried, tread ascended the steps." Then she kneeled down, and forgetful of the assembled multitude, forgetful of the awful scene around her, forgetful even of herself, she with solemn entreaty commended her dear children and the Princess Elizabeth to the care of the Father of Mercies. As she arose, she turned her eyes once more toward the Temple, and said, "Adieu! adieu! my dear children; I go to rejoin your father."

Even the executioner, hardened as he was by familiarity with scenes of blood, trembled as he performed his office. Yet onward moved the fates. The ax fell. The head dropped into the basket, and one long and fierce shout rent the air—"Vive la Republique!" The tragedy was now closed.

The body of the king had been thrown into a pit and covered with quicklime; that of Maria Antoinette was placed in a pine coffin and hurried to an obscure burial. Upon the records of the Church of La Madeleine, for that period, is the following charge: "*October 14th—For the coffin of the widow Capet, seven francs.*"

VITALITY AND OTHER FORCES.

BY C. G. CONEYS, M. D.

LIFE, whether in ourselves or in all that surrounds us, is at once so mysterious in origin, so multiform in development, so beautiful and admirable in adaptation, as to have engaged in all ages the philosophic mind in researches for its principle, the study of its varieties and relations to the inorganic creations on which it rests.

Life, as an essence or principle, is one of the elemental forces of the universe, and must be placed in the same category with gravitation, caloric, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity. It is a mystery in its essence; but so are gravitation, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity, and therefore the same rules that guide us in the study of the laws of the rest of the list must direct us in the study of the laws of life. As with those, so with this—we must refer all to the great First Cause.

It is not at all discouraging to the student to be baffled in his research for vitality as an es-

sence, for he knows that it is just as fruitless to seek the essence of heat, or electricity, or any other element of the scale. He accepts it as a mystery as regards its principle, but studies it like any other element in natural science as regards its laws.

One of the most beautiful generalizations of science of late years is that of Mr. Grove, on the correlation of forces, physical and vital, in which he shows the mutual relationship or equivalency of the forces which we have placed in the list above, and styled elementary. He shows that we may take either of those elements and manipulate it so that successively all the rest shall be produced. For example, caloric may be developed into electricity, and conversely, electricity may be developed into caloric; electricity may be converted into magnetism, and magnetism be changed back into electricity; electricity develops chemical affinity, and chemical affinity produces electricity; light is exhibited in chemical action, and the action of light creates chemical changes. The influences of these forces, as so many stimuli, develop vital action, and vitality, in turn, develops all the rest. Mechanical power is also correlated to these, and it is through this fortunate circumstance that man has laid hold of the materials and forces of nature, and made them subserve such stupendous and valuable purposes. Thus, mechanical motion arrested, or friction, produces heat, heat produces steam, whose vast mechanic powers are worked up by the engine. Mechanic power creates electricity, and in return electricity produces mechanic power. Chemical affinity is, however, the great means of developing heat, as in combustion, and it is the immense expansive force of this, developed in the vapor of water and regulated by the engine, that gives us such unlimited mechanical power.

Now, we have barely noticed the correlative value of light, and must reserve for another article its full exhibition, merely adding now, that under its influence the great masses of combustible material of the globe have been created; and if we, then, begin with our immense mechanical power, by which all our great ships are driven through the seas, and all our great manufactories are driven on the land, we find vegetable combustion to be the cause, and those vegetable stores were created by the light of the remotest ages; and we can say that the light and heat of the sun then locked up, or "fixed" in the growth of vegetable matter, are now returned again to the universe, for our use in the light and heat developed by chemical affinity in the process of combustion.

This statement of the correlation of these forces also carries with it the idea of definite pro-

portions in this equivalent relation. Thus, if electricity can be transmuted into heat, light, chemical affinity, magnetism, and mechanical power, it ought to follow that the amount of each produced successively should be equal to the rest individually, and this is truly proven by the experiments. A definite quantity of electricity will produce a definite amount of magnetism, light, chemical affinity, and mechanical power; and the conclusion strongly impressed upon the mind of the physicist is, that he only traces, as he follows the succession, the action of a single force developed under different circumstances.

The unity of the forces of nature dreamed of or asserted by philosophers as old as Pythagoras, becomes now one of the generalizations of modern science.

But to develop these different forces by the action of any one in the scale, requires the agency of certain media, or, as Dr. Carpenter calls them, *material substrata*. If electricity is to be converted into magnetism, it must be passed through a bar of soft iron, which thus becomes a magnet. So heat is converted into electricity by the agency of a compound bar of bismuth and antimony; so light may be affected by magnetic action on crystals of borate of lead. Vital actions are developed by several of these forces, more particularly light and heat acting on organic substances called germs. A seed without the agency of light and heat could never be developed into a vegetable growth. If soft iron is, then, the only *material substratum* which acted upon by electricity will develop magnetism, so the organic germ, vegetable or animal, is the only *material substratum* which, acted upon by light and heat, will develop vital actions; and it may be clearly stated, in regard to vegetable growths, at least, that their extent and character are dependent on the quantities of light and heat received from the sun. The wild-cherry, which is a mammoth tree in Virginia, is dwarfed to a mere shrub in the latitude of 62° north.

The most obvious consideration to the physicist's mind, as he glances at the universe, have usually been three; namely: the forces acting, the material acted upon, and the phenomena produced. Thus *matter* and *forces* have usually been separately studied in all philosophic inquiries, and it is still, for various reasons, very convenient to keep up the distinction, though a very interesting yet more abstract view of the question has latterly been taken by philosophers, who reject the idea that heat, or light, or electricity, etc., are separate and distinct from matter, but merely different states of matter from changes in its molecular or atomic condition.

Every one knows that a piece of pure iron is a collection of particles, or atoms of that metal, and that a mass, whether it weighs a grain or a tun, is still but separate, minute particles in a state of cohesion. If it be heated so as to expand and perform some mechanical purpose, we say the carbonic force is acting through it; or, if it is magnetized and acts as a magnet, we say the magnetic force is acting through it, though all agree that heat and magnetism are invisible, intangible, and imponderable to our senses. So, we repeat, philosophers now assume that it is not any addition to the piece of iron of any extraneous substance, that makes it at one time hot and at another magnetic, but that these distinct conditions are due to different motions of its particles or atoms. When thrown into certain forms the piece is a magnet; into others, it is hot.

All kinds of matter exist in this atomic state, the atoms being separate in the most solid substances, and freely moving upon each other. Chemistry proves this atomic state of every thing in the organic and inorganic world with absolute, mathematical precision, though the subdivision of a substance has never been effected; that this ultimate state could be seen by the microscopist, for this state is infinitely minute, far beyond the utmost powers of his assisted eye. Yet, when we observe a great stream of water, we must consider it not as a liquid mass, but an aggregation of atoms, rolling smoothly upon each other, and the spaces between them capable of being condensed by cold or expanded by heat. So the particles of iron are separated by heat, and it occupies more space. The great tubular iron bridges, at Montreal, or Menai, are considerably longer in Summer than in Winter, from different increments of solar heat.

This tedious exposition has been entered into in order to make clear to the most casual reader that all matter, whether solids, or fluids, or gases—as iron, steel, rock, wood, air, water, flesh, or blood, etc.—is but a collection of atoms, freely moving upon each other, and changing their positions under different circumstances. A cannon, using the same weight of powder, can not be fired indefinitely, for after a time the shock of successive explosions so changes the relations of its atoms to each other that their power of cohesion is lost and the gun bursts. So likewise the axle of the railroad carriage, though subject to no unusual strain, at last breaks. And the great cables of the suspension bridge finally snap from the result of the changes of atoms which constant vibration has brought about.

The universe thus is not to be considered as

forces acting, material acted on and resulting phenomena, but as *matter in motion*; and upon this motion, though perhaps not fully capable of demonstration, rests the interesting Undulatory Theory of modern physicists.

In the different motions of matter we get the explanation of whirlwinds, water-spouts, the waving of a field of grain, the phenomena of sound, the radiation, reflection, absorption, refraction, and polarization of light. So also of heat, and, too, of electricity, which, whether manifested in its different varieties of common, galvanic, magnetic, thermal, or animal, is known to be the same, but exhibiting itself differently according to quantity and intensity.

Sir John Herschel attributes to the sunbeam, as the ultimate source of all the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, geological changes, volcanic activity, chemical action, and vegetable life, seen upon the surface of our globe. If the sun be thus the mother of all things, and our globe, indeed, according to La Place, be but one of its great cast-off particles, and still possessing all the atomic capabilities and potencies of the crust from which the world has been thrown, we may favorably entertain the theory that the undulations or motions of that mighty center of our system, by transit, keeps in ceaseless play the atomic state of all that constitutes or rests upon the earth.

According to this generalization, styled the Undulatory Theory, solar emanations of light, heat, and chemical influences, are not particles of material substances which traverse the immense distances between the sun and the planets, but simply, conditions of agitation in the sun itself, conveyed in waves or undulations through the tenuous ether to our atmosphere, affecting its particles similarly, and subsequently the particles of substances upon and forming the crust of the earth, and thus by "their descent and subdivision, or revolution into lower forms, generate all the manifestations of nature." So that it is said we know nothing of matter except by its motions, and substances are heavy or light, hot or cold, red or green, sweet or sour, hard or soft, and fragrant or the reverse, according to the power of *undulations* which emanate from them and impress our senses.

From these remarks on force in general, we return to the consideration of that which we began upon, vitality, or life force, and although its manifestation could be discussed on the theory of undulation, yet it will be easier to express ourselves in the old view of material, forces, and phenomena.

A *material substratum* must exist for the manifestation of phenomena by the influence of the

vital force. In the vegetable and animal world, the "starting" point is a minute structure, called a cell or germ. In an animal, this small organization contains the rudiment of all the distinct parts of the body. The nervous tissue is entirely different from the muscular, and the heart is an organ wholly dissimilar in structure and formation to the liver; so are the brain and lungs totally unlike. Each organ has its peculiar starting-point, and when placed in circumstances will grow, and in the progress of growth the completeness of development of a perfect being is seen.

The Greeks called man a microcosm in contradistinction to the universe, which they denominated the macrocosm, because they said that in man existed an epitome of all the laws by which the external world was governed. But how much closer has modern science established this relation by its knowledge of the intricate laws of life and nature, of which the old Greek never dreamed! About one-third of all the elements of matter is found in animals; only to mention a few, as carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, lime, magnesia, potash, chlorine, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, alum; and in regard to forces, we have in play, gravitation, heat, electricity, chemical affinity, and such as are peculiar to animal, muscular, and nervous forces, which are "correlated" to some of those exhibited in inorganic matter.

Besides we have in man displayed that crowning force, the mind, whose organ, or material substratum, is the brain, the correlative relation of which to his physical forces we may hereafter attempt to show.

There is one force, or influence, in vital organization which has no correlative, and that is the formative force. It is not difficult to see how germs, cast into propitious soil or plasma, may find the material of growth indefinitely, like a point in a saline solution, which, beginning to crystallize, goes on till all the salt in solution is taken up. There is no limit to crystalline aggregation. But animals and vegetables have definite growth and forms, after the similitudes of those types which God first created. Though the microscope or chemical analysis may not be able to discern any difference in the germ of the highest or lowest animal in the scale, yet definite and symmetrical forms of the most diverse character are eventually developed. What it is that determines these differences science can not answer. In the malignant growth of cancerous and other tumors we see nutrition and development in active progress, but, alas! to subserve no useful end; the formative force seems to be in abeyance, the malignant mass is a parasite, exhausting all the nutritive matter of the blood for its purposeless and ruinous increase.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"DON'T you think I've got a good husband, Charlotte? He's the very best man in the world!"

The lady who made this interrogation and answered it in the same breath, in so inflated a style that her relations with the subject of her remark only excused it, was a warm-hearted, highly-impulsive little woman, a wife of half a dozen years, as the date of the plain gold ring on her third finger testified. She was sitting in the pleasant and tasteful, but by no means elegant parlor of her friend, Mrs. Charlotte Dexter, and she had run in for a friendly call two days after Christmas.

The ladies had been schoolmates, and the warm and somewhat romantic friendship of their girlhood had been continued and solidified after their marriage.

Mrs. Ripley and Mrs. Dexter had crossed a little beyond their thirtieth birthdays. Both were intelligent and agreeable women. Both had married men of worth and integrity, who by economy and strict business habits were making their way in the world, for neither had fortunes to commence with.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Dexter's parlor communicated with her sitting-room, that the door between them was ajar, and that just as Mrs. Ripley made the remark which opens our story, the husband of her hostess hung his coat on the hat rack and walked into the sitting-room and spread his hands over the pleasant grate fire, for they were blue with the cold. A smile, with a mixture of amusement and contempt, went over his face, which was, on the whole, an agreeable one, as he heard the remark of his wife's friend, which exalted one man at the expense of all the rest of his sex.

"That sounds just like a woman," he muttered to himself. "It's amusing to hear 'em talk. They deal in such tremendous adjectives!" But his cogitations on this feminine infirmity were cut short by the bright, earnest voice,

"Now, you will think just as I do," it continued, "when I show you what he brought me home last Christmas."

"I shan't be brought to admit that he's better than Edward. You must make up your mind to that, Julia," subjoined a voice that somehow sounded, just then, particularly sweet in the listening ear of Edward Dexter.

"Ah, well, I'll make an exception in his favor, as it happens to be his wife to whom I am speaking;" and this was followed by a moment's

silence, during which Mrs. Ripley had thrown aside the folds of her cloak, drawn a gold watch from her waist-belt, and slipped it into Mrs. Dexter's hand.

"What, a gold watch?—why, Julia!" was the astonished exclamation which followed, as Mrs. Dexter lifted up the pretty time-piece and gazed at it admiringly.

"Yes; isn't it a perfect beauty? I always liked that rich, plain chasing so much; and there's a gold cap inside, also," displaying the inside of her watch with that childlike sort of pleasure which always counts on sympathetic admiration and delight in the beholder. "It was a great bargain. Harry only gave forty dollars for it. You can't think, Charlotte, how perfectly taken back with amazement I was, when I found it in my stocking, which Willard had hung on the mantle Christmas morning. I rubbed my eyes several times to be certain that I was awake."

"Well, you have got a good husband, Julia, that is certain," cordially responded Mrs. Dexter; but somehow these words did not give quite so much pleasure to her husband as her former remark had done.

"Isn't he? I thought that such a gift these hard times was terribly extravagant, and told Willard so. But he said no; that the watch was a useful article, and that if we were ever reduced to selling it, it would probably bring the money back which he gave for it; and he wanted me to have one present from him which I could look at and remember with peculiar pleasure, for his sake, all the days of my life; and, moreover, he said that I'd earned the watch, by the six years of steadfast economy which I'd practiced in my household."

"Well, I congratulate you, Julia, both on Willard and on the watch," responded Mrs. Dexter; and her husband felt a shade of sadness in her voice. He knew that it did not spring from any envy at her friend's good fortune. His wife was above such a petty feeling, and would be generously glad in any thing which brought pleasure to Mrs. Ripley.

"And, now, did you have a pleasant Christmas, Charlotte?"

"O, yes; but a quiet one." The tones were very "quiet," too, which ran along the words, and the husband felt that there were no warm, bright memories to give them color and animation. "I gave the day quite up to the children. Indeed, I was tired sitting up so late the night before to dress Mary's doll, and I was out in the early part of the evening hunting up some toys for my boy and girl. You know how children's hearts are set on these things; and providing

them always falls on me, because Edward is so hurried with business at this season of the year."

"It's just so with Willard. But I always coax him into giving me an hour or two for selecting the children's Christmas toys; and I believe that he enjoys it as much as I do."

"I know it; but somehow I can't drag Edward away from the store; so I have that part of the enjoyment to myself."

Probably Mrs. Dexter was not aware how much regret, which touched on pain, there was in her words, for she was too true and loving a wife to insinuate by look or tone any thing which could reflect in the slightest degree on her husband, or give one the slightest reason to infer that he was not above reproach in all domestic relations and obligations; but Mrs. Ripley must have felt in the tones somewhat that her friend would never have acknowledged to her, for she said, quickly, and in a half-commiserating way, "O, well, you know, Charlotte, that men never think of these things as we do. Willard is quite a marvel for the interest that he takes in such matters. But I've had to draw him into it, and take most of the credit to myself."

And then Mrs. Ripley looked at her watch, and saw it was an hour later than she suspected, and rose at once to leave.

Her friend did not detain her. *She* had no Christmas gift to show!

Mrs. Dexter returned to the parlor, and busied herself in arranging the vases and books on the table, and her husband still stood with his hands spread before the grate fire, and an unusually-thoughtful expression on his countenance.

The truth is, he was annoyed and disturbed, for it was somewhat humiliating to feel that he had been brought into comparison with the husband of his wife's friend, and that the result had been unflattering to himself. It was not agreeable to reflect that Julia Ripley would walk home congratulating herself because she had so much more thoughtful and generous a husband than her friend, Charlotte Dexter.

The man moved uneasily, and rubbed his hands briskly as this unwelcome thought intruded itself. Edward Dexter had a very comfortable degree of self-esteem. He held his own opinions with tenacity, and was not easily convinced that he could be mistaken or enlightened in any matter respecting which he had thoroughly made up his mind. Moreover, he was naturally of a somewhat practical tendency, and the mercantile life in which he was engrossed had certainly been little calculated to develop that tender and healthful sentiment which gathers its sweet blossoms about one's home, and fills it with beauty and fragrance.

Edward Dexter meant to be a good husband, a loving and watchful father. He supplied the wants of his wife and family cheerfully, and for its sake, as he believed, devoted himself assiduously to his business; and he would have been amazed and indignant if any one had insinuated that he was not above reproach in both of these relations.

But the dew and the sunshine of tender and loving words did not fall softly, day by day, on the roots of that vine under whose shadows he sat. Its green and goodly tendrils were not full of the golden blossoms and fruits of all sweet and gracious ministrations, and the heart of his young wife often ached with a dumb, sad yearning pain for something of the lost sweetness and romance of her youth. And there broke dimly into the mind of the husband and the father, for the first time in all the years of his married life, a conception of this truth.

He remembered when Charlotte had suggested some Christmas presents for their boy and girl, that he had answered hastily, "Nonsense, Charlotte; I've got business of more importance to attend to than hunting up baby-toys; besides, it's a foolish waste of money, any way, and I do n't approve of indulging the children in such follies. You can do as you like about it, however." And remembering this speech, Edward Dexter recalled the pained look on his wife's face, and the words sounded cold and unsympathetic to him, as they did not at the time.

"Poor Charlotte!" he said to himself. And then his thoughts strayed back down the long avenue which wound through the last seven years of his life.

He saw Charlotte Dexter no more as the mistress of his home, the mother of his children—but he saw her in the joy and bloom of her maidenhood, when the shy roses first began to widen in her cheeks as she felt his tender, admiring glance on her face. He saw the brightness in her eyes, the smiles on her lips, and her breaks of light laughter went down in his heart like the ripple of pleasant waters. He saw her as she stood one morning in her tremulous loveliness by his side—the rise and fall of the bridal veil, whose snowy folds fell like morning mist about her, chronicling the rapid flutter of the little heart beneath it; and once more the solemn voice of the minister, as he bound their lives into one with those holy words, "husband" and "wife," came back to him.

The old pride and the old happiness thrilled over him—the practical husband was a young lover once more!

And then he remembered what a true and loyal wife Charlotte Dexter had been to him

through all these years, what a fond and devoted mother; and as his gaze swept over the years, he felt that all the right and holy claims of her womanhood had not been recognized—that there must have been many hours when her woman's heart had ached for sympathies and appreciation which she had never received. There must have been something chilling and barren in her life, for which his own rose up and rebuked him. And it was not enough that he could say to himself, "I have been a careful provider, a kind husband to my wife, a good father to my children."

"Why, Edward, how long have you been home?"

These words were the first which startled the husband from his reverie.

He turned from the fire, and saw his wife standing near him, the first surprise on finding him there not quite gone out of her face. He looked at her with a new tenderness and interest. Maternity had pale the roses in her cheeks, and the soft hazel eyes had lost something of their luster. They had a chastened expression, and the lips, though they were sweet ones still, had not the old smile drifting about and breaking over them, as though her heart was like a fountain which run over with sweet-leaping waters.

The face of Charlotte Dexter was not unhappy, but there was some brightness gone out of it, for which, in that moment of revelation, Edward Dexter held himself responsible.

"I came in a little while ago. Aren't you feeling well, Charlotte?"

"O, yes; quite as usual. What makes you ask me, Edward?"

He had detected a little shadow on her face when he first saw her, and he guessed rightly that she was thinking of the Christmas gift of her friend.

"Because you are not looking quite so bright as I like to see you, my dear little wife."

The tones and the words were not like those which Charlotte Dexter was accustomed to. She looked up in surprise, and as she met the smile and the tenderness in her husband's eyes, a change came over her face. There was a quick leap of brightness, like that which he remembered in her girlhood, and then it melted suddenly in a gush of tender feelings, and the tears stood bright in her hazel eyes.

The sight moved Edward Dexter strangely. He put his arm around his wife's waist, and drew her to him and kissed her as he used to in the old days before she had belonged to him.

Charlotte Dexter drew a long breath, much like a tired, grieved child who has been watching

long for its mother and sees her at last. She laid her head down on his shoulder, and the sobs came thick and fast, and every one which shook to and fro her slender frame went to the heart of her husband, as he held her tightly and tried to comfort her.

"God forgive me!" said the man to himself, in his sudden self-abasement, "he has given me a great and precious gift, which I have not half appreciated nor understood."

At last the lady looked up, and a smile trembled out through her tears. "You took me so by surprise, Edward, that I was overcome completely."

"Well, darling, if kind words affect you like this, it's unmistakable proof that I am very remiss on my part. But dry up those tears, now, for they are a reproach to me."

"O, Edward, it does my heart good to have you speak to me in that way!" and she clung to him.

"Charlotte," said her husband, with a gush of feeling which fairly choked his voice, "you have been the best and truest wife that ever a man had, and I have n't half deserved you."

Just at that moment the dinner bell rang, and the "boy and girl" burst into the room, hungry and vociferous. But something in their parents' tones subdued the children. And Edward Dexter thought it had been long since the face of his wife had worn such a radiant brightness as it did that day at dinner!

"Charlotte shall have a New-Year's present. It will be the first one that I ever gave her—poor child!" murmured Edward Dexter to himself, on his way to the store the morning before New-Year's. "I don't know what in the world to get her, though," mused the man; "she do n't want a watch, for her brother gave her that pretty one on his return from California, after our marriage. And a brooch? no, she's got that pearl one. What shall it be?" Suddenly a conversation, which he had partially heard in an abstracted mood, between Charlotte and her dressmaker the week before, recurred to him.

"You'll have hard work to get the waist and sleeves out of this, Mrs. Dexter," said the dressmaker, after a thorough inspection of the green silk which the lady had given her.

"I know I shall, Miss Gray. But I can't afford to get a new silk, and I must turn the old one, and make it do. We must set our wits to work and get it out in some fashion. You know they wear tight sleeves now, and I can afford half a breadth from the skirt."

"She shall have a new silk dress, and a handsome one!" was the audible conclusion of Ed-

ward Dexter's cogitations, as he struck the heel of his boot down hard on the pavement.

"A happy New-Year to you, Charlotte!" and the young husband dropped something done up in brown wrappers into his wife's lap.

It was a beautiful morning, and like a flash of golden-winged birds came the sunbeams of the newly-born year, with joy and blessing into the home of Edward Dexter.

"Is this for *me*, Edward?" asked his wife, her face full of surprised pleasure.

"For you, dear."

Her rapid fingers broke the small cord in a moment, and then the dress rolled out.

It was a rich, dark-brown silk, overshot with lustrous green leaves and buds, a most graceful design.

"Do you like it, Charlotte?"

"O! Edward, I never in my life saw such a beauty. Is it really for me?"

"Really" for you, my dear wife."

She tried to thank him, but the tears overmastered her voice.

"Mamma! mamma! let us see!" and the two bright-haired children bounded into the room.

Her face was radiant through her tears as she lifted up the fabric. "It's mamma's New-Year's present, my children."

"What makes you cry, then?"

"Do n't trouble mamma now, my little girl and boy," said the father, slipping his arm around his wife. There was a new light in his face.

"Papa, *you* look happy, if mammy does cry," said his little boy, sidling up to him.

"I am, my child. It shall be, please God, a happy New-Year to all of us."

And it was!

O! husband, and father, see to it, that you make for you and yours, also, a happy New-Year!

ANXIOUS OVERMUCH.

PERHAPS we may rightly say the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You that are so anxious about what shall happen on the morrow that you can not enjoy the pleasures of to-day, you who have such a peculiar cast of mind that you suspect every star to be a comet, and imagine that there must be a volcano in every grassy mead, you that are more attracted by the spots in the sun than by the sun himself, and more amazed by one sear leaf upon the tree than by all the verdure of the woods—you that make more of your troubles than you could do of your joys—you belong to the most miserable of men.

THE PROVINCE OF GLOOM IN LITERATURE.

BY PROF. W. W. KINSLEY.

BY the word gloom, we design to signify a compound of sadness and mystery. That this is its proper meaning in literature no one can fail to notice, who will analyze it as it appears in the works of the great masters. By its agency both beauty and grandeur receive their most perfect unfolding. We shall have time only to illustrate by a few notable examples the first part of this assertion, without entering at all upon its philosophical proof.

Beauty, of course, can be measured by us only through its effects, and consequently that is the highest *conceived* beauty which excites the greatest æsthetical influence over the most cultured minds. The conception and portrayal of this, Edgar Poe contends to be the one mission of the poet, and sadness the tone of its most effective manifestation. Accordingly the death of a beautiful woman, lamented by the lips of love, was to him the noblest theme. Read his books, and you will also find intimately blending with this sadness, though he makes no mention of it, the essential element of mystery. By his skillful use of this principle of gloom he has given proof of a most intimate acquaintance with the laws of mind. The weird spirit that pervades his writings has drawn all men unto him. Few short poems in the English language have enjoyed such wide celebrity as the *Raven*, the *Bells*, or *Annabel Lee*. In the bare art of the beauty of poetry, Poe had few superiors; had he been a Christian man, perhaps he would have had few equals. But he was blind to *soul-beauties*.

His poetic conceptions, perfect as they were of their kind, can never satisfy; for, though he had a face beautiful as Milton's, with eyes sad as the eyes of Dante; though he was gifted with a genius of sufficient delicacy for the most ethereal poet, of sufficient creative power to have placed him in the forefront of the discoverers of letters; though he was considered an intellectual marvel for the strength and accuracy of his analytic powers, he lived a life whose wickedness was equaled only by its melancholy; he came upon the very confines of moral sentiment without having one ray of its celestial light warming his heart. He has prevented us from picturing to ourselves in his dead Lenore, or his beautiful Annabel Lee a nobler woman than Ligeia. Her charms he has sketched in full—You remember her faultless face, her queenly

carriage, her voice with its rich melody, her mild temperament, her keen intellect, her intense and constant love. None of these were the fruits of religious struggle. Nature gave them to her at her birth. How wanting is this, Poe's highest thought! How radically defective his worthiest ideal! Yet, he spell-binds us, resist him as we will.

In what then, we may inquire, consists his power? Is it in his descriptions, whose definite outlines, consistency of parts, minutiae of detail, singleness of purpose, complete individuality, give them all the vividness of life, causing the ideals to pass before us breathing realities? Does it consist in the clear, accurate, natural, highly-rhythmical wording with which he clothes them? These agencies, mighty and subtle though they be, could never give him his wizard power in story and song. He followed still higher promptings of his artistic nature. He gave to Ligeia's eyes a wild, sad mystery; caused her to be tossed by stern, unknown passions under a placid deportment; summoned death to her couch while in poetic frenzy; and by her reappearance in after time, gave to the element of gloom the greatest prominence possible for the full unfolding of the beauty of his conception. With the rhythmical melody of his style he blended a minor-tone of touching sadness. A perceptible wail rises from the rhythm of his *Raven* and *Annabel Lee*, a more subdued sorrow is heard sighing in his *Bells* and *Fable on Silence*. None possessed such mastery over the refrain, none used it with such brilliant or telling power.

In Hood's *Bridge of Sighs* there is a higher ideal beauty having its developments also through the agency of gloom. Analyze your feelings as you turn your eyes from a partly-crushed flower to a fading sunset, then to a bright-plumaged bird, fluttering with a death-wound, finally to Poe's *Lost Lenore*, and you will find them increasing in intensity simply, their nature undergoing no essential change. But the moment the maiden in the *Bridge of Sighs* enters your thought a rarer beauty unfolds itself; you enter the presence of a higher ideal. And why? Poe's picture has *expressed* in it more of grace and loveliness than Hood's; its aim was beauty, Hood's was not. The answer to our question lies patent. The *Bridge of Sighs* has greater æsthetical power, because of its *suggestions*. As we look into the unfortunate face, delicately featured, now paled by death, over which the cold waves are still breaking, we are filled with thoughts not of condemnation but of pity. We soon forget her sins, so touching is the story of her sorrows. Our imaginations picture the beauties

of body and soul that were hers in promise before sin blighted their budding—

"For past all dishonor
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful."

Blessed indeed are the thoughts of Christian charity! Such lovely visions can never gladden the eyes of the most refined poetic temperament till it kindles with Gospel love. Hood, too, has introduced mystery into his poem, where it renders valuable aid to sadness in quickening the mind's fancies. The charm of his pure, graceful, buoyant style; the brook-like music of its flow; the perfect harmony between it and the spirit of the thought, all help to weave the spell of beauty. One word further and we pass to a third illustration of our subject. It is this: The thought legitimately suggested to the reader of the *Bridge of Sighs*, is that of a woman whose physical and spiritual beauty is perfect; without a sin stain. My own experience surely affirms the truth of this. But it does not necessarily follow that hereby are given to our minds those elements out of which we can construct the highest ideal. Indeed, this is not true, for, though it may be the most faultless beauty ever seen by an archangel, yet *we* have not compassed it, and can not, till we have received other preparation. Notwithstanding the forgiving sympathy Hood kindles within us has so far cleared our vision that we can now discern in the heavens the silver-shining of this Saturn, yet the telescopic power of other passions is still needed to discover to us its rings of flame.

In the pages of John Milton, this want is fully met in the picture of Eve on a background of gloom. Note the skill of the painter. First came the sound of battles, the rout of devils, the prison of blackness, the sullen boom of fire-billows, groans of torment, words of hate, and dark purposes of revenge. Then Tragedy, rolling back its sulphurous cloud, and hushing its voice of thunder, is followed close by perfumed zephyrs, and the songs of birds. The beauties of Paradise, the garden of the Orient, where God walked at eventide, are given in imagery that tells of vast learning and of royal genius. Few passages in literature so exhibit the wealth of the English tongue. The terrible grandeur of the former scene unfolds to us, as nothing else can, the exquisite loveliness of this. The same principle of contrast Dante uses with great power in one of the last cantos of his *Vision of Purgatory*, where he tells of his wanderings on the banks of Lethe, after passing the wall of fire. At last Milton pictures Eve, the central figure; the queen of the garden. He describes in fin-

ished verse the beauty of her body, the beauty of her pure love, the beauty of her quiet life. But these are all half hidden to us till we see her wake weeping from her troublous dreams, and a little while after withdrawing her hand from Adam's to venture alone into the neighboring grove. The thought of loss is a powerful revelator. How like morning-glories do these beauties fold their tinted petals from our sight unless they are wet with the night dews of sadness! Powers, the great sculptor, in the moments of his highest inspiration obeying this same law of mind, left his ideal bound in chains. Strike those marble fetters from the limbs of the Greek slave, and you veil her rarest graces from the gaze of man, you curtain the window whence comes streaming the golden sunlight of her beauty. Thus far the ideal presented by Milton is none other in kind than Poe's Ligeia—purity untempted.

Again we see the dark clouds and hear the muttering thunders of the tragedy of sin; and though the arch-devil exulting over the fall is hastening to hell-gate to tell it to his fiends, yet such are the deep-laid schemes of Providence we see rising sphinx-like from the ashes of this ruin a fuller unfolding of the beauty of the Divine conception. After Eve had tasted the forbidden fruit, hope for a time went shipwreck. The possibility of forgiveness and final restoration had not yet been made known to man. Adam looked upon his consort, and wept as for the dead, and by the power of the poet our own hearts too are made to grow heavy with a sense of irrevocable loss. Now for the first time comes to the soul the beautiful angel—thought of "the Might Have Been." Here Hood leaves us in his Bridge of Sighs with a second and higher ideal beauty than Poe's, born in the mind that of one tempted yet without sin. There is satisfactory philosophy for its birth, but we can not give it now. Experience bears us witness to the fact.

Milton pursues his theme. Adam having talked with Michael on the hill, and learned his fate, hastened to the bower to waken Eve, and tell her the words of the angel. Though a little while before she had sobbed herself to sleep, God had sent comfort in her dreams, and fitted her for the high and holy mission of her sex. The voice of her welcome was of softer melody than the laughter of waters, or the songs of birds, richer than the utterances of first love, loftier in its inspirations than the plaintive appeals of human grief. Her face beamed with a beauty rarer than was found in sunsets or the light of stars; rarer than in the sunny smiles of innocence; than in the tears that fell before the

disobedience; rarer even than the ideal that glided like a white-robed spirit before the eyes of Adam sorrowing for his expected loss. You who have read Moore's Oriental poem of Paradise and the Peri, remember the last gift brought by the erring spirit to the angel that was keeping the gates of Light, the gift that gained her entrance to the skies. I have often thought that if the offering required of the Peri had been the most *beautiful* thing upon the earth, and she had brought the sigh of zephyrs or the sound of lutes, the blush of roses or the blush of brides, the gleam of tear drops or the thought that comes to him that pities the fallen—"Not yet," the angel would say with regret,

"For Peri, see, the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; lovelier far
Than ev'n these beauties must it be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

But when, renewing her search for the coveted boon, she had chanced upon the scene of Adam's talk with the angel, about which thronged happy memories of Paradisal loveliness—the graceful trailing of vines, the rich fragrance and delicate tinting of flower petals, the hanging clusters of ripened fruit, the life in the bower with its gentle, contented love—about which thronged mournful memories of the disobedience and consequent forfeiture of all; about which gathered the sadness of final parting, the mystery of future fate; and about which in these last hours shone with heavenly radiance the faith, the hope, the constancy of the Christian woman, the lights that have kept the world from shipwreck through the centuries, had the Peri chanced upon this scene, of which gloom is a most essential element, quick would she have borne its beauty to the realms of air, and as the portal opened at her coming we should have heard her sing:

"Joy, joy, forever, my task is done,
The gates are passed, and heaven is won.
Farewell, ye odors of earth that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;
My feast is now of the Torba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity."

DUTY.

DUTY is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward. Hence every signal act of duty is altogether an act of faith. It is performed in the assurance that God will take care of the consequences, and will so order the course of the world, that, whatever the immediate results may be, his word shall not return to him empty.

REPENTANCE.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

SOME may consider the theme scarcely appropriate to the pages of a ladies' magazine. But what is appropriate? We suppose that in which the readers are all interested: appropriateness increases as interest becomes more absorbing. Could we present some pleasing and vivid scene in Fiction's airy realm, or a stirring narrative from History's glowing page, or an instructive incident of every-day life, the interest and sympathy of every reader would perhaps be awakened. Fashion and Folly, with their gay votaries, and Passion in her gilded halls, surrounded by the deluded throng of victims to her power, might furnish themes of soul-thrilling interest. But repentance belongs to a class of subjects not usually discussed in "the monthlies;" there is no romance about it, nor fancy; wit and humor displayed on such a theme would be exceedingly out of place. And yet around such a theme as this clusters more of exalted poetry, and deep philosophy, and moral beauty than was ever expressed by mortal tongue; and as to its importance, there is not one of the many thousands whose eyes shall glance at the heading of this article—and perhaps pass it by to look for more inviting topics—who has not an interest in it vastly beyond human conception.

Stay then a moment, gentle reader, and let us talk about repentance. We have no dry theories to unfold, no dreamy speculations to offer; we do not even pause to define and analyze the subject; all this must yield to the higher duty of persuasion, which we fain would undertake. Have you repented? Perhaps you answer, "I have often thought, solemnly thought of doing so, but can not yet indulge a hope in Christ." Then you are lingering and waiting, instead of striving to enter into life. How many have "resolved and reresolved, then died the same?" It is not thinking and resolving that win salvation—there must be an awaking to action. "Come now, and let us reason together." Look at this matter in the light of eternity. Think of your soul, and ask yourself the question, shall it be through sin forever lost? Weigh it with the universe. Put this world in one scale and heaven in the other; now, as though we were loth bodily in the presence of the Judge Eternal, with angels and fiends, precious immortals, lost and saved, awaiting your decision, say, will you, for a little earthly pleasure, lose your immortal soul? shall it enter the sorrowful abodes of woe eternal, there to sigh over sea-

sons of mercy misimproved and passed away, amid the lamentations of the wretched and the lost; or shall it stand, a happy spirit, disenthralled from sorrow and despair, on the bright shores of heaven, to receive the greetings of the ransomed, and a welcome into the blissful presence of the Redeemer?

Repentance is a personal matter. It is not something that relates to the ancient inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, or those to whom John the Baptist preached, or the wicked of heathen lands; it is for *you*, dear reader. Repentance is also an urgent matter. Bunyan's pilgrim seemed to think so, when he hastened from the city of Destruction, crying "life, life, eternal life!" How promptly would the boatman turn, and steer for safer waters, when the roar of the whirlpool falling upon his ear should warn him that his course was wrong! How promptly would the soldier awake to effort when the warning of the sentinel and the dread appearances of the invading foe should tell him that not a moment was to be lost; and what shall be said of the sluggish soul that sleeps while powers celestial and infernal are awake, and await the issue of the great life-battle for a happy or a woeful destiny! There is no time for trifling or delay. The character is forming for an endless doom; the death-knell of blooming youth rings out on every passing breeze; the season for repentance is hastening to its close; myriads are now crying, "the harvest is past;" and is salvation's momentous work not yet begun? O hesitating, impenitent soul! no longer delay. The matter is urgent, "What thou doest do quickly."

"I know all this," is your reply; "I have had deep convictions on the subject." And did you resist them? Then you have a dreadful sin to be forgiven; for you were resisting the high claims of heaven. We fear you have been grieving the Holy Spirit. If you had but yielded, you might, long since, have had peace in believing; but you resisted, and are farther from heaven and from hope to-day. Beware, lest all this shall end in the hopeless sorrow of a spirit lost.

"But I can not give up the world!" Ah! you are placing too high a value on perishable joys. Can those pleasures, which you so much love, soothe the troubled mind in death, or soften the rigor of hell's eternal winter, or cause a moment's peace in the long anguish of eternity? Pleasure is but an empty shade, compared with the fadeless glories of heaven; look away to the blooming joys of paradise,

"Where groves of living pleasure grow;"

hope there to find the boon of perfect bliss, nor let earth-born happiness be a bar to its possession. The sinful pleasures of earth too precious to forego! Hear the lament of the dying sinner:

"O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow;
Specters that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain!"

Listen to that wailing cry that comes from perdition's dreary depths: "The day of grace is past!

'In this lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard my bitter prayer,
No Savior call me to the skies.'"

Religion makes all the difference between a happy seraph and a soul without hope. Talk not of pleasure, and property, and getting rich. Who was richer—Lazarus, whom the angels carried home, or he who was clothed in purple and fine linen? Besides, Religion does not come, repulsive with an atmosphere of gloom, to lead her reluctant followers along dark and cheerless pathways to a distant happiness, but she comes to gladden human hearts by her blessed power, and to make this dark world radiant with her presence. Fain would we urge you, gentle reader, now, to seek the blessedness which she imparts, and follow her guidance to the skies.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY MRS. J. F. WILLING.

WHEN the beautiful and erring Eve wept beneath the weight of the great sorrow that followed her disobedience, God, in mercy, uttered the first of those promises, that shine out like light-house lamps, along the rocky, storm-beaten coasts of life. The subtle adversary, whose wiles had deprived her of Eden, and who would follow, with demon hate, the race, yet unborn, by her doomed to suffering and death—this archenemy should writhe beneath the heel of One of mysterious power, whom God should send to redeem and save.

Four thousand years later, among Judean hills, a virgin looks with bewildered joy upon a babe, in its manger cradle. The shadow upon the dial-plate of time marks the completion of the years of prophecy; and Jewish Rabbis and Gentile Magi agree that Messiah, the Prince and Deliverer of Israel, the "Desire of Nations," must soon commence his reign of glory.

Strange prophecies had preceded the birth of that child; mystic words, which the mother had "kept and pondered in her heart." When she

uttered her Magnificat, she felt her soul swayed by the impulse that moved the old prophets when they sang of Him who was the glory of prophecy; yet she understood but feebly the meaning of the words of mystery that fell from her lips.

We may imagine how Mary would sit at "dewy eve," beneath the palms that shaded her humble Galilean home, and listen to the low, sweet music of Jesus' voice, reciting the Psalms of Israel's poet king; and how she must have wondered as her

"Earnest-eye,
Ever following silently,"

took cognizance of the strange maturity of judgment, placidity of temper, and devotion of spirit exhibited by the holy child. We may exclaim with the mother of the Baptist, "Blessed art thou among women!" thus to be ever near the child Savior—to feel his soft hand press hers—his warm breath upon her cheek, and his bright head nestling upon her bosom. Yes, happy mother! yet happier she, however lowly, who comprehends, as Mary did not then, the mission and kingdom of Christ, whose arms may not unfold his infant humanity, but whose heart is a temple for his glorious divinity.

The spirit of inspiration seems—we may think purposely—to have omitted very much that would have been of interest, as matter of curiosity, in regard to the subsequent life of the mother of Jesus. Papists have spared no pains in supplying this lack, with their traditions and dogmas, of her "immaculate conception," her "perpetual virginity," her "assumption," her right to receive worship, and her mediation and intercession, "which," says Kitto, "are not only without any authority from Scripture, but many of them are diametrically opposed to its declarations."

After John had heralded the advent of the Messiah, Jesus had begun his public preaching, speaking "as never man spake," and adding, in testimony of his Divine mission, the most astonishing miracles, we are surprised to find Mary attempting to dissuade him from his work. Strange, that she could not then discern "that it was He which should redeem Israel!"

How beautifully sparkles in the crown of Christ's humanity his provision for his mother! While his head was bowed, and his heart breaking, beneath that crushing weight, the guilt of a ruined world—while he was treading alone the wine-press of Jehovah's wrath, the darkened heavens and rending earth giving token of sympathy with his fearful agony—his eye already dimmed by the mists of that region whose spec-

ter monarch he had grappled—his glazed, leaden eye rested upon the bowed form of his mother, as, braving the scowl of priest and scorn of Rabbi, the coarse jeers of the soldiery and the hisses of the mob, "she stood by the cross." Then, perhaps, she understood the words of Simeon, when, young and hopeful, she presented her babe in the temple: "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also;" and now, bowed by years and sorrow, she waited to see him die. Jesus, glancing from her to the beloved John, said, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John he said, "Behold thy mother."

The last mention of the mother of Jesus is made just before the account of the Pentecost. It is probable that when the baptism of power fell upon the infant Church, she shared in its blessedness; and, in her sphere, was useful in spreading the light of the dispensation of mercy. Her death is not mentioned in the sacred record, though it is supposed to have occurred in the year 63, and the canon of Scripture was not closed till A. D. 96.

The greatest honor was given to Mary that could be bestowed upon woman—an honor greatly coveted by the daughters of Judea, as the Messianic glory drew near—an honor which, we may believe, was not conferred upon one who was without more than ordinary purity and excellence of mind and heart. Among the names of women that grace the historic page, none shines with a holier ray than that of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

SOME boys slept, from fatigue, on board of Nelson's ship, at the battle of the Nile. Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Corunna in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of his soldiers steadily pursued their march while fast asleep. Franklin slept nearly an hour swimming on his back. An acquaintance of Dr. D., traveling with a party in North Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing a hill, they found him on the ground snoring quietly. His horse had fallen, as was evident from his broken knees, and had thrown his rider.

Animals of the lower orders obey peculiar laws in regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and we are told by Aristotle that the tench may be taken in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds and beasts of prey take

their repose in the day-time. When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change, which makes us doubt whether it was not the result of necessity which demanded that they should take advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris, even the hyena sleeps at night, and is awake by day. They all, however, seek as favoring the purpose, a certain degree of seclusion and shade, with the exception of the lion, who sleeps at noonday, in the open plain—and the eagle and condor, which poise themselves on the most elevated pinnacle of the rock in the clear blue atmosphere and dazzling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished with a nictitating membrane generally to shelter the eye from light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep under the shadow of a rock, or woody bank. Of domestic animals, the horse seems to require least sleep, and that he usually takes in the erect posture.

Birds that roost in a sitting posture are furnished with a well-adapted mechanism which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the thighs are bent, thus contracting closely, and grasping the bough or perch. In certain other animals which sleep erect, the articulations of the foot and knee resemble the spring of a pocket-knife, which serves to keep the blade open.

REWARD.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

REST after patient toil;

We climb on rocky cliffs to realms of calm;
Only on bleeding wounds is poured the oil,
And healing breath of balm.

Fair isles wait weary feet:

The dreariest tasks have often peacefulest close,
After the midday march in dust and heat,
The white tent of repose.

Crowns for the faithful few:

No faltering feet shall scale the steeps of stars,
But bold-browed heroes resolute and true,
With stain of battle scars.

Sure are the dews and rains:

To harvests sown in tears can come no harms;
Who plant with bloody footprints burning plains,
Shall reap the rest of palms.

Better to work than wait;

To carry burdens, though ye faint and fall:
Far better, though reward should come but late,
Or never come at all.

Yet some time toil shall cease:

Perfection cometh but by suffering long;
But after weary conflict followeth peace,
And after victory, song.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE CHANGING AND THE PERMANENT.—“*That which hath been is now.*” *Eccles. iii, 15.*

The history of time is a record of stupendous achievements. On every hand we see signs of its *destructive* force in the beings, systems, institutions, cities, and empires, which it is fast reducing to ruins; and in the mementoes of others, which it has long since destroyed. Where are the magnificent cities and mighty nations of which we read in history? Where are the untold generations that have successively tenanted this planet for well-nigh sixty centuries? And where are the great men who appeared in each revolving age, and have left the impress of their genius upon all the epochs that followed? Has not time carried “them away as with a flood?” Like clouds on the wings of the wind, straws on the bosom of the ebbing wave—has not time borne them off? Its hand is on all things, and all things yield to its touch; it is the mighty sea that bears all things to our shore; and, anon, bears all away. Such we imagine may be the cogitations of some thoughtful brother just as the night of one year is about breaking into the dawn of another.

A little thinking on the subject, however, will convince us that the power of time is seeming, rather than real; and that there are high and practical senses in which it may be said, “*That which hath been is now.*” Exactly the reverse of what Bacon predicated of “*fame*,” is true of time. “*Fame*,” said the philosopher, “is like a river that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.” That time is like a river that beareth up things weighty and solid, and drowns things light and swollen.

This language of the text will apply—

I. TO ALL THE ELEMENTS OF MATERIAL EXISTENCE. The forms of the material world are constantly changing. Whole islands emerge from the ocean, while broad acres once tilled by busy man are entombed beneath its waves. The herbs, and flowers, and trees, of the plantal realm, and the million tribes of air, and earth, and sea, belonging to the animal dominion, have changed many a thousand times since the days of Noah, and are changing every hour. But the elements of which the first types of all were formed are the same. *Elementally*, “*that which hath been is now*,” the *forms* only are new, the *materials* are old. God makes the same atoms serve the purpose of many species; yes, and of many generations too. The dust beneath our feet has often moved with life and will throb with life again. The raw materials, out of which the principle of life constructs its organs and weaves its garments from age to age, are always here. The stuff of which the visible universe is made is indestructible; “nothing

can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.” Could you burn up the globe, or dissolve the stars, you would neither increase nor diminish aught of the *substance* of things. Time, through all its mighty revolutions, can not destroy an *atom*; “for that which hath been is now.”

II. TO ALL THE SPIRITS OF MANKIND. Argument, we think, is not wanting to prove that all the human souls that ever have “been are now.” On what do I base the conviction, that all the souls that ever have lived are living still? Is it, first, on the *immateriality* of the soul? Is it, secondly, on the wonderful things which the human mind has achieved? Is it, thirdly, its *desire* for another life? Is it, fourthly, on the capabilities of the soul for doing what, here, it has no opportunity to effect? Is it, fifthly, on the moral discrepancies of this state? Is it, sixthly, on the constitutional immortality of the soul? Nay, we have a more sure word—the testimony of Christ and his apostles. In the nature of the case there is but *one* way of knowing how long any creature is to live; and that is by ascertaining what is the *will of the necessary existing one* in relation to him.

Christ comes forth to testify of this will; and he tells us in language most unmistakable, that God has willed that man’s existence shall have no termination.* “The evidence of Scripture,” says Isaac Taylor, “will be found to possess a force by implication of principles, which far surpasses any imaginable value that ought to be attached to the etymological import of single words.”

On this testimony of Scripture, therefore, I base my conviction, that all the human souls that ever have been are now—that not one of the mighty millions who spent his short and misty day of life under these heavens is lost; the tempests of revolving ages have not extinguished one; but rather fanned all the sparks of human intelligences into ever-brightening flames. All are thinking, feeling, acting still. Their bodies are dust: but their bodies were theirs—not *they*; their instruments, not themselves—

“Distinct as is the swimmer from the flood,
The lyrist from his lyre.”

III. TO ALL THE GENERAL TYPES OF HUMAN CHARACTER. The character of every man springs from some one presiding sympathy—some strong liking; all his thoughts, purposes, and acts, stream from this, and

* Matt. x, 28. Luke xvi, 19, etc.; xx, 38. John v, 24; viii, 51; xii, 24-28; xiv, 2, 3. 2 Cor. v, 1-10. 2 Tim. i, 10. 1 Thess. iv, 18. Phil. i, 23. 1 Peter iv, 6.

may be easily resolved into it; nay, are its very modifications and forms. You may trace, perhaps, all the varieties of human character to five or six different regal sympathies. For example, there is the *inordinate love of pleasure*. What shall we eat and what shall we drink, and how shall we best gratify the various impulses of our carnal nature?—are the great moving questions of those who are under the sway of this principle—*pleasure* to them is every thing. There is the *undue love of gain*. How shall we best increase our possessions, get the most of this world's goods; and build up magnificent fortunes? Such is the moving principle of this class—*gain* to them is every thing. There is the *vain love of show*. How best to attract attention, and win the admiration and praise of their compeers, is the great aim of those under this principle—*appearance* to them is every thing. There is the *mere love of inquiry*. A strong desire to hear something new, or to find out something strange, is their ever-prompting impulse. Hence, they spend their time in gossip, or in perusing the news of the day, or in the higher region of scientific research. There is the *inordinate love of power*. In numerous cases this becomes the master principle of action, and the foundation on which the whole superstructure of character is based; you can trace every purpose and act to the ruling desire of power. And there is the *holy love of God*. The supreme desire of those under this principle is, whatsoever they do, whether they eat or drink, to do all to the glory of God.

Now, we do not say, that all the impulses which we have hastily referred to but the last, are all wrong in themselves; on the contrary, they are all precious gifts of God—instincts, given for beneficent ends. They are only wrong when they gain the ascendancy; for then they form distinct types of corrupt characters. The characters of mankind, I know, may be divided into more numerous classes; but these principles seem to me to lie at the base of all the varieties. The plants may be endlessly different in build, and branch, and hue, but they seem only to spring from these few kinds of seed; the edifices may be of great varieties of shape and size, but they are all built on one of these few foundation-stones.

Supposing, then, that these comprehend all the various classes of human character, we may, with the utmost truth, adopt the language of the text and say, that "that which hath been is now." Do you require from ancient times a type of the lovers of pleasure who teem around you now? See Herod on his "birthday;" and in him behold the great lineaments and glowing inspiration of them all. Do you require a type of the lovers of gain who throng our streets and crowd our very temples in this mercenary age? See the "rich man" in the parable, and in his sordid monologue hear the language of their heart, "I will pull down my barns and build greater." Do you require a type of the lovers of show? See Haman, whose highest idea of human honor seems to have been to wear "the royal apparel," and to ride upon the king's horse through "the streets of the city," to attract the gaze and obtain the plaudits of the thoughtless crowd. In the sentiment of this shallow man behold the prevailing idea of the thousands in these times of hollow seeming, who spend their precious time and power in

endeavoring to impress men with their grandeur; some of whom almost starve themselves and families for "appearance." Do you require a type of the mere lovers of inquiry—the inquisitive news-seekers of every class? See the Athenians in the days of Paul, who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." This was the basis of the Greek character. Do you require a type of the inordinate lovers of power? See Sennacherib, who, impelled by an insatiable thirst after power, came up "against all the fenced cities of Judea and took them;" vaunting his victories in the ear of Hezekiah, and saying, "Where is the king of Hamath, and the king of Arphad, and the king of the city of Sepharvaim, of Hena, and Ivah?" In this man see the spirit and the features of the little social aspirants, as well as the political despots of every age: I see the picture of your Napoleons and Csars in the gaunt and bloody figure of this Sennacherib. Do you require a type of the false religionist? See the old Pharisee making broad his phylacteries, distorting his countenance, and often, and punctually, repeating his formal devotions; or the devotees of Baal in frenzy on Carmel's brow. Do you require a type of the true lovers of God? The Bible abounds with representatives of this class, from Enoch down to John.

"That which hath been," then, in relation to character, "is now." The same types reappear in all times. Your Herods and Hamans, your Athenians and Pharisees; every character in the Bible, and every character in history, seem to be living again in every age.

IV. TO ALL THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT. All the principles by which both the physical and moral provinces have been controlled from the beginning, are the same now as ever. True, the forms of the *physical* world have passed through various transformations, and may pass through many more. But the laws which moved the first planets, built the first hills, organized the first plants and animals, spread out and tinted the first landscape, remain intact. So of the *moral*. The forms of God's dealings with humanity have passed through various changes. There was once simple Patriarchalism; then came gorgeous Judaism; and now we have spiritual Christianity; but the same principles are seen in each and all. Because of this unalterableness, the physical philosopher can prophesy of things to come centuries hence; he can tell to the hour when an eclipse shall take place, when the tide shall overflow its boundary, and when another comet shall sweep the horizon; and because of this, the moral philosopher, too, can predict with an unerring certainty, that if minds continue under the influence of certain principles of depravity, most terrible storms of anguish await them; but if under the influence of holy truth, their path shall be as the shining light, "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And because of this, moreover, the good people who rightly appreciate the influences of the last economy, can appreciate in full the heart-language of the good people who rightly appreciated the influences of the first. Asaph can express his feelings in the language of Job, and Paul in the language of David, and the good of this age in the language of either or all.

The history of human legislation is a history of law alteration; but all God's laws seem to be unchangeable.

ble. Harmony with them is the creature's highest destiny; rebellion against them is his inevitable ruin. They neither pause nor change, either for angels or men. Humanity, alas! is out of harmony with those laws; and this is the reason of its physical and moral miseries. Restoration to harmony, as a problem, is solved by Christianity; as a duty, it is the end of our probationary life.

"Arise, O man, return thy heart,
In nature's chorus blend thy part."

V. TO THE GRAND DESIGN OF ALL THINGS. What is the great design of all things? On the assumption that the author of all is *moral mind*—distinguished by rectitude and love, and that all intelligent beings are His offspring. Is it not lawful to conclude that the grand design in all must be the holy development of creature-minds in gratitude, reverence, love, and assimilation to himself? What we might thus, *a priori*, infer, all the facts of nature, history, consciousness, and the Bible, contribute to establish. Look at *nature*: does it not express the great Invisible in such a way as is suited to excite our moral emotions, and to draw our spirits upward to himself? Have not all its forms and voices a *moral* significance? Look at *history*. Have not all its events, whether of a painful or pleasant character, a fitness to turn the human spirit toward thoughtfulness, rectitude, and God? Has not its tendency from the beginning been thus-ward? Look at human consciousness. Has there lived a man that has not *felt*, under all the blessings and influences of being, a deep sense of obligation to study, love, and serve the great God? Look at the Bible. Mark the general principles that run through all its economies, and are embodied in all its facts; observe the one spirit of holiness which circulates through its every vein, and gives its blush of moral beauty to the whole. Think of *redemption*, its central fact; and then determine whether the design of the whole is not to lead humanity into right sympathies with God. Indeed, the preceding verse affirms our doctrine. "Whatever God doeth," we are told, "he doeth it that men should fear before him."

Men, alas! have generally acted as if the end of their life were to amass wealth, get power, and display as much pageantry as possible. Foolish beings! they mistake life. All things about and within me declare that I am here, not to turn the world into a market, where I am to buy and sell, and get gain; nor even into a school for mere speculative study; that I am here, not to become either rich or learned, but *morally* good; not to become a great man on earth, in the worldly sense, but a pure seraph in eternity.

VI. TO THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HUMAN MEMORY. All that ever "hath been," so far as humanity is concerned, "is now" living in the memory of all the individual men that ever lived. Memory gathers up every fragment of all "that hath been" to us, so that none may be lost. The path of life through which we have passed, with its thorns and flowers, its hills and dales, its winding walks, its sunshine and its clouds, we shall never leave again; again, and yet again, forever, we shall retrace our steps, and penetrate the most intricate labyrinths of our past way. Years can not rob the soul. It loses nothing by ages, but gains much

by every hour. It makes past suns shine, and faded landscapes bloom again. It surrounds itself with the scenes of childhood, calls up the long buried from their graves, and gives them their wonted form and voice. Every day widens the domain of memory, and thus enriches the soul with the treasures of the past. The dealings of God, therefore, toward us, we shall never forget. We shall ever remember the right-hand of the Most High, and meditate upon his works of old. Will the antediluvian, think you, ever forget the Deluge? Will the Egyptians ever forget the wonders wrought on the banks of the Nile? Will the men of Babylon ever forget that terrible night when their impious monarch saw the "handwriting on the wall?" Brother, that which hath been to man "is now" in memory. God's doings have a record. They may not be written in books—for it is but a small fraction of this world's events that have a written history; but the whole is inscribed on the page of memory. Every sentence and every verse of providential history are written on the disembodied souls of the generations that are gone. The history of man is recorded, not in books, but in souls, and will be seen and studied in the great eternity.

VII. TO ALL THE CONDITIONS OF MAN'S WELLBEING. Look at the condition of man's *physical* wellbeing. Is it not true that on wholesome food, fresh air, and proper exercise, the health of the human body has ever depended? Look at man's *intellectual* wellbeing. Is it not true that on observation, comparison, research, and reflection, the progress of the human mind has ever been suspended? Look at his *spiritual* wellbeing. Have not *repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ* been always the necessary condition of human salvation? In relation to all these things we may say, with the greatest truth, that "that which hath been is now." It has ever been thus, that the man who violated the physical laws of his being has lost his health and sunk to the grave; it has always been, that he who neglected the conditions of intellectual improvement has never risen beyond the level of the brute; and it has always been, that he who did not "repent" has perished forever.

Another year of our fleeting life is gone! The echo of a departing year softens my spirit into pensive sadness. I know not how it affects you, my brother! My existence seems to me like some isolated rock on a desolate shore. Many years, like tidal waves, have rolled over that shore, bearing on their bosom much and carrying more away. My soul is filled with the distant murmurings of the last wave of one period ebbing out of sight to return no more, and the roar of the first wave of another year laden with the unknown, but which, as yet, has not broken on the beach, nor yet appeared in sight. I know that some of the coming billows will bear me off into the immeasurable abyss of being; whither the many generations of past times are gone.

O let me catch the moral of my thesis! I pine not for the past, for much of what "hath been is now." Neither indulge vain hopes of the future, for much of what the future will have "is now." Rightly let me use the present; put myself, by the Mediator's help, into a vital and harmonious connection with the Everlasting. This will make my time eternity!

Intra and Curria.

INDIA RUBBER.—India rubber is now so cheap and common that the following reference to it in the Monthly Review for February, 1772, is, with our present knowledge, rather amusing: "I have seen," says Dr. Priestly, "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practice drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, a mathematical instrument-maker opposite the royal exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for *three shillings*, and he says it will last for several years."

FIRST CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.—The Congregational Church at West Barnstable, Massachusetts, is said to be the first Independent Congregational Church under that name in the world! It was organized in England in 1616. After long and cruel persecution, their second pastor, Rev. John Lothrop, with all he could collect of his scattered Church and congregation, came to our shores and settled first at Scituate, and afterward, in 1639, removed to Barnstable. The heavy oak frame of the present house was raised in 1717. The house has been recently remodeled into a convenient and beautiful place of worship.

CURIOUS EPIGRAPH.—The following Latin epitaph is said to exist on a tombstone in the burying-ground of Newport, Rhode Island:

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset,
Eternæ vitæ Janua clausa foret.

The English "Notes and Queries" give the following translations:

Had not the death of death by death given death to death
Our souls had perished with this mortal breath.

Unless by death, the Death,
A death to death had given,
Forever had been closed to men
The sacred gates of heaven.

Had (Christ) the death of death to death
Not given death by dying,
The gates of life had never been
To mortals open lying.

Had not the Death of death to death death by death given,
Closed on us had been the gates of life and heaven.

THE LOWEST TYPE OF HUMANITY.—The following extract is taken from an article on "Barbarism and Civilization" in the Atlantic Monthly: "In the interior of the Island of Borneo there has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra Del Fuego, and in South Africa. They walk usually almost erect upon two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They are dark, wrinkled, and hairy; they construct no habitations, form no families; scarcely associate together, sleep in trees or in caves, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs and on each other; they can not be tamed nor forced to any labor, and they are hunted and shot among the trees like the great

gorillas, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds like articulate language; they turn up a human face to gaze upon their captor, and females show instincts of modesty; in fine, these wretched beings are men."

AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY.—There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library that a thousand camels were requisite for its transport, and a hundred Brahmins had to be paid for the care. The king felt no inclination to wade through all this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed librarians to furnish him an extract for his private use. They set to work, and in about twenty years' time they produced a nice little encyclopedia, which might have been easily carried by thirty camels. But the monarch found it still too large, and had not even patience enough to read the preface. The indefatigable Brahmins began, therefore, afresh, and reduced the thirty cargoes into so small a substance that a single ass marched away with it in comfort; but the kingly dislike for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last on a palm leaf, "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word *Perhaps!* Three expressions contain the history of mankind: they were born, they suffered, and they died. Love only what is good, and practice what you love. Believe only what is true, but do not mention all that which you believe."

FIRST USE OF MAHOGANY.—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother, a sea captain, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs for ballast. The Doctor was then building him a house in Covent Garden, and his brother, the captain, thought they might be of service to him; but the carpenters found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after Mr. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and got a cabinet maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the Doctor was so well pleased with it that he got the cabinet-maker to make a bureau of it, and the fine color and polish of it induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged the Doctor for some of the wood, and got Wollaston, the cabinet-maker, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Wollaston were much raised, and it became the rage for grand furniture. No other wood exceeds it yet.

A SIXTH ACT TO THE DRAMA OF THE CENCI.—It is indeed strange how the whirligig of time brings about his revenges. Centuries ago the foul wickedness of the head of the elder branch of the Cenci family resulted in his daughter's dishonor, his own murder, the death of his wife, of his eldest son, and the beautiful Beatrice, and the total confiscation of the Cenci estate for the benefit of the family of the Borghese. For centuries

the fate of Beatrice has been the theme of the poet and the novelist. Her exquisite face, her sorrow-illuminated eyes, that look half without and half within, and far beyond the horror of her life to the mystery of the change so soon to come upon her—these are familiar to us all from the copies, which all have seen, of the marvellous portrait by Guido. To English readers this tragic story is best known through Shelly's passionate tragedy, and they who have read it have seemed to themselves as those who read a tale of the far-away past, a story whose beginning, middle, and end were all complete, on whose fearful climax time had placed his seal, saying, "No more, no more, forever!" Nevertheless, in that sunny country of old tradition, where noble descent is so clung to and kept unsullied, the Cenci and the Borgheze have been born, have married, and died through many generations since. The Cenci have been poor, the Borgheze rich with the riches of their fallen rivals. The famous Villa Borgheze, at Rome, came to the latter from the estates of the former. The Cenci family have ever since kept in a sort of life-claim to the estate by certain legal forms and protests. The story goes now that the actual male representative of that tragic Cenci family, thinking that among other new things coming to Rome may be legal justice, purposes to push his claim vigorously before the proper tribunal there. The driest court forms will catch an odor of romance in such a trial. And thus a sixth act will be added to the Cenci drama. In it a too severe judgment of centuries ago may be righted; it will, at least, bring strangely into the sunlight of the present those écrist legends that have so long fitted in the shade and solemnity of the past.

"A NEW LANGUAGE."—Professor Scherb, in a lecture introductory to a course on the "Poetry of the Bible," lately quoted the following from the sermon of a monk, preached in Germany just at the commencement of the Reformation: "They have lately got up a new language which they call Greek, and which is crammed full of heresies. I counsel you to beware of it, and especially of a book in that language called the New Testament. This is full of thorns and adders. They have also invented another new language called Hebrew. All who read this will certainly become Jews."

MODERN ENGLISH SERMONS.—The London Athenæum, in a review of a recently-published volume of discourses by one of the noted preachers of that city, says: "Modern sermons, for the most part, are without our scope, and beyond our notice; as harangues, they generally exhibit an uncommon gift of tediousness—they are painful to hear and impossible to read—they suggest uncomfortable desires and provoke profane comparisons—they are ingenious in putting the most obvious truth in the most roundabout way—and attenuating very wise texts into very rapid conclusions. As compositions, if they do not dive below the conditions of grammar, they seldom rise into the exactness of literature; and the public, having benignly submitted to hear them from grounds of religion, evinces an excellent taste by steadily refusing to buy them."

A PIONEER APPLE-TREE.—There is an apple-tree on the north bank of the Maumee River, opposite old Fort Defiance, apparently nearly old enough to have borne

the "forbidden fruit." It is known as the "Old Indian Apple-tree," and when General Wayne's army was stationed at Fort Defiance in 1794, it was large and fruit-bearing. Mr. Southworth, the present owner, has carefully protected the aboriginal from vandalism by surrounding it with a high board fence, and keeping the tree under lock and key. The inclosure is forty feet in diameter, the limbs project over it several feet, so that the area covered by the branches is fully two thousand square feet. It is a great bearer, and one hundred bushels of apples have been gathered from the tree in one season. Its ordinary yield is from fifty to sixty bushels. The fruit is very fine, large size, from 12 to 14 ounces, is tart, and a good keeper for Winter; the color is whitish green, with a little red on one side. One foot from the ground the tree measures 12 feet 4½ inches in circumference. It is still thrifty, and grows fast. The famous old tree evidently dates anterior to any known English settlement in Ohio or any of the Western States. Its age is supposed to be from 125 to 150 years, and the origin of this isolated pioneer of civilization is attributed to the dropping of a seed by some migratory bird, either from the English colonies or from the French colonies in Areadia or the Canadas.

WHAT WAS THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WEATHER AT THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOR?—It is well known that in Great Britain, and other countries not then under cultivation, the temperature is at present much warmer than at the time of the birth of Christ; but there is no reason to believe that it has changed in Palestine. The following is from Dr. Kitto's *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, Vol. II, page 462: "The cold of Winter in Palestine is not severe, and the ground is never frozen. Snow falls more or less. In the low-lying plains but little falls, and it disappears early in the day; in the higher lands, as at Jerusalem, it often falls, chiefly in January and February, to the depth of a foot or more, but even then it does not lie long on the ground." There has been much dispute as to the time of the year our Savior was born. The fact that shepherds were tending their flocks in the open air is no argument against its occurring in the Winter. I suppose the point can not now be decided. That the Jews were acquainted with sharp frosts is evident from Psalm cxlvii, verses 16, 17, 18.—*English Notes and Queries*.

A THEOLOGICAL QUERY.—"And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven." Col. i, 20.

1. What does St. Paul mean by "things in heaven?"
2. If the unfallen angels are intended, how could they be reconciled by the "blood of the cross," seeing they were never unreconciled?

3. Might not the text be better translated?

J. W. S.

QUERY.—Will you or some of your correspondents furnish the readers of the "Repository" with an account of the origin of the use of glass urns filled with different colored fluids as signs of a "drug store?" You will invariably find them standing in their front show-case.

L. H.

WHAT is the best theory of the peopling of America? Who were its first inhabitants?

Guardian for Children.

THE YOUNG PEDDLER.—One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of Autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it I found a peddler. Peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gates open; they never have any thing I want, and I do n't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods; and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself, "lazy."

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold I forgot he was a peddler, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase any thing. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most peddlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one; and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired."

Here he gave a quick, dry cough, that startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I do n't know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied, in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown, on N— street."

"Does she give you any medicine for your cough?"

"Not doctor's medicine; she is too poor: but she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, thank you; mother took medicine and it did n't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it would not stop my cough. Good-day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed, I do n't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little peddler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that peddlers had never seemed people—human-soul-filled beings before! How thankful he was, and how his great blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him!

"You do n't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a moment. "I think you must be very rich."

"O, no," I replied. "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than what I gave you for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I do n't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I never feel hungry now. I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I do n't remember it when I am awake. I only know I do n't wish to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very bad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked; but I did n't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not endure that and tried to make him stay; but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what luck he had met with. He bade me good-day again, cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say, "God be with you, my child."

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length, about New-Year, I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim's weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the doors of those who, like myself, forgot the necessary and stern way that often sent about these wanderers from house to house; and their employment might be more unseemly to them than annoying to us.

WILD BEASTS.—"Tut, tut, my dear," said father, coming suddenly into the room where Louie and Jamie were violently disputing, "what have you let out the wild beasts for? catch them quickly this minute, or there's no telling what they will do."

The children a little frightened looked around the room, and then said, "There are no wild beasts here."

"O, yes, there are, I am sure I was not mistaken; I heard them making a terrible noise, and besides, I caught a glimpse of two of them just as I came in, they were looking out of their caves."

"O, papa!" said the children, rushing to their father's arms, "how you frighten us! What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear, that there are cruel and savage wild beasts that live in this house, and that they are sometimes let loose, and they do a great deal of damage. They are kept in hollow and dark caves, and are guarded by a double row of strong walls—there are gates which are made to shut closely over them so that it is not possible for them to get out, unless somebody opens the way."

"O, dear!" said the children, almost crying, "what makes you have them in the house, papa? They might get out, you know, and tear us all to pieces."

"I can't help having them in the house, my dears; I know they may at any time be let out, and am sure that they were out when I came into this room. They do not look so strong and dangerous as they are, and you may have seen them without knowing them; but, my children, believe me, when I tell you that you never grow angry and begin to say unkind things without opening the entrances to those dark caves where the wild beasts dwell."

The father went out now, and the children did not dare to quarrel any more. Neither did they dare remain any longer in that large, deep-windowed room. How did they know that the mouth of those caves might not be behind the heavy curtains of the windows, or in some of the corners of the room, behind the furniture or the pictures? They grew very much afraid, and ran to seek their mother.

"Mamma," said they, "did ever you see the awful wild beasts that live in this house?"

"The awful what?" said the mother, in astonishment.

"Why, wild beasts; papa says they live in this house, and that if we are not pleasant and kind, they will eat us all up."

"What had you been doing, my dears, when he told you so?" asked the mother, suspecting how it was. The children hung their heads in silence. "Where did papa say that the beasts lived?"

"In a dark cave," answered Louie. "He said there were

two strong walls, and another wall about them that they could never open of themselves; but that every time any body grew cross, and said any thing, you know, the gates flew open and the beasts came out. O, dear, I'm so afraid! Won't you ask father to move away from this house?"

"We should carry the dangerous beasts with us, my dears, go where we might. Hand me the book by your elbow, Jamie." Jamie obeyed, and his mother opened it and read, "Every kind of beast, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

"This," she said, "is what your father was thinking of. The tongue is the beast, and the mouth is the cave. My children must be always gentle and loving if they would not have their wild beasts come out to bite and to devour."

WHAT CHILDREN THINK.—It was a gay, glad Spring-time when Mary and Hattie, one seven, the other five years of age, gambled in the bright sunshine, echoing the song of the birds in merry peals of laughter. At length, weary with rambling, and with aprons full of lilac and apple-tree blossoms, they seated themselves on a bank of soft, velvety green, their eyes sparkling with joy, and sweet smiles playing about their ruby lips.

Then little Hattie said, "I do love God;" and dropping her flowers, she reverently clasped her hands, and raised her eyes, glowing with ecstasy, to the blue sky.

"So do I love God, too," said Mary, as she continued weaving her flowers into pretty garlands.

"Yes," said Hattie, "but I know God loves me."

Mary, raising her head from her busy fingers, and looking at Hattie's beaming eyes, said, "How do you know God loves you?"

"O, I feel it."

"How do you feel, Hattie?"

"O, I'm so happy!" and clasping her hands more closely, she continued to look up as if she knew God saw her; and Mary thought, as she twined her flowers, "How I wish I knew God loved me!"

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.—A boy some two or three years of age, was overheard one evening, as he retired to rest, resisting the authority of the nurse, in what was unknown to the father, till he went into the room to inquire. The child was found standing upright in his little crib and refusing to lie down, which the nurse was endeavoring to have him do.

"What is the matter?" said the father.

"She won't let me say my prayer before I lie down."

"You may say it; come, say it now."

He knelt in the crib, looked reverently upward, and, in a subdued, devotional tone, uttered these few words, "God in sky." He then quietly lay down, put his head on the pillow, and prepared to go to sleep. Was not such a prayer, by such a tender child, valuable in its measure and degree, and worthy of being classed with the "God be merciful to me a sinner," of the penitent publican? It was his own way of expressing his emotion of reverence toward God, and the more earnest and effectual on that account.

WHAT IS PRAYER?—About twenty years ago a little boy was put to bed at dark by his sister. He knelt down by a chair to say his prayers. A young lady, a visitor, was present, and she listened while he repeated them. He knew that she was observing him; and as he said them in a very careful manner, with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands clasped, "How sweetly he prays!" whispered the lady. This was all she said; but he heard it, and his heart was filled with gratified pride. He had scarcely thought of God in his prayers, yet he went to bed glad and happy—not that he felt that he had pleased God, but because he himself had been praised! Was this *prayer*? I will tell you what he did afterward, and then you can judge.

One day he made a kite, but it would not fly, but turned round and round. After trying a while to make it rise in the air, he became angry, and dashed the kite on the ground and stamped upon it with his feet. No one was near, and he cursed the kite—not loud, but softly, lest somebody should

hear him. He did it with the same tongue which the young lady said had "prayed so sweetly." He forgot God when he cursed, as well as when he said his prayers. Had he prayed?

A few years passed away. He was now eight years old, and he often felt much troubled when he thought of his sins. There were no simple, instructive books published at the time, to teach young children the way to be saved. He knew that he ought to pray; but he did not rightly understand how Jesus Christ was Savior. It is true that he often heard the minister and his mother speak of him, but no one explained to him in a manner that he could understand, that he should love and trust the Savior just as he would confide in his father. To quiet his conscience, when it was uneasy, he resolved to say three prayers secretly every day. This plan he followed for a time; he then grew careless and forgot to pray till something alarmed him, when he began again; and to make up for lost time, he counted up the days in which he had forgotten his devotions, and remained on his knees till he had repeated three prayers for each neglected day. But it was very tiresome to stay so long on his knees, and he, therefore, hastened over them as rapidly as his tongue could move, little feeling that something more was needed than the mere repeating of words. Was this prayer?

Many years more passed away, and he became a man. His father and mother died, and many of his friends besides. There were very few left in the world to love him, and he wandered to another city. He was sad and lonely; he felt that every thing worldly was vain and unsatisfying. He had no true happiness here, and had no hope in looking to the life to come. He knew that God was not his friend; he could not be pleased with sinners; and he felt that he was a sinner. One Sabbath he went into a church and there heard of Christ in such a way as he never before heard. Overcome with sorrow he went to his bedroom, and, in the agony of his soul, he threw himself upon the floor and asked the Lord to have mercy on him. He felt that he could not cast himself down low enough before his Maker. He repented that he had sinned so long and so much against the good and holy God, and resolved, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to do so no more. He became a Christian; and then experienced that one moment's enjoyment of the love and favor of the Lord was worth ten thousand worlds. *This was prayer.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.—Little Mamie had been taught that "death is the gate to endless joy," and although only five years old she seemed to apprehend it. And as she stood by the crib of her sick little brother one evening, and we told her he was dying, a glow of pleasure overspread her countenance, and she commenced singing,

"There is a happy land," etc.,

saying, "Jamie will soon be there, won't he? And we'll go in a little while;" with many other expressions, testifying to her faith in what had been taught her. About ten o'clock she retired to rest, and as "little Jamie" passed away at twelve, her pa went to her room in the morning and told her that he was dead. Again joy lit up her countenance, and clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "O, good! good! Now he's in heaven, and sees Emma and Willie," a brother and sister that had passed on before. Hastening to the room where the body lay, she stood for some time looking intently at the cold form, then with a sigh said, "The little spirit's gone to heaven. Ma, may n't I get some flowers to put around Jamie's body?" Permission being granted, away to the garden she sped, and filling her hands with flowers, she returned and arranged them to suit her childish taste—some in his hands, and others strewed around him—all the time saying how happy his spirit was, with Jesus in heaven; and that the little body would go to dust now, but when Jesus came it would come back to life.

F. E. I.

A LITTLE girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No it an't," said he. "Yes it is." "Then why do n't it keep the rain off?"

Inside Glorings.

WORKING WITH ONE'S MIGHT.—Nature and Revelation both concur in enforcing the rule of earnest and patient toil. The same commandment that enjoins rest upon the seventh day requires six days of labor. And as Nature never performs her tasks slovenly, she shows by example how men should work.

What is worth doing at all is allowed to be worth doing well, and so fully is this maxim recognized in life that the performance of any thing in an inferior and shabby manner is always supposed to be indicative of a certain meanness of mind. In English ethics, therefore, shabbiness bears a very contemptuous interpretation, while its opposite—a disposition to do things handsomely or in style—commands universal applause. Nor can there be any thing unreasonable in this view of matters, looking at appearances as the exponent of internal convictions. It may be generally observed that the man who performs an act in a handsome manner, is also the most generous and estimable. No man was ever truly great who attempted to do things by halves.

HOW A BRITISH MERCHANT SAVED HIS COUNTRY.—Patriotism exists not only in the bosom of the soldier on the tented plain or in the field of battle, but in the hearts of all who are willing to spend their substance and sacrifice their own interests to the public good. There are thousands of citizens in this country who are as loyal and patriotic as the British merchant. All honor to the brave at home as well as to the brave in arms!

In the year 1586-7, when Spain under Philip II was preparing the so called invincible armada for the invasion of England, the Court of England saw that if King Philip's fleet was in condition to conquer England he would not abandon the design for Mary being put out of the way, and that he certainly designed to conquer it for himself and not for another. So orders were given to make all possible haste with a fleet. Yet they were so little prepared for such an invasion that, though they had then twenty good vessels on the stocks, it was not possible to get them in a condition to serve that Summer, and the design of Spain was to sail over in 1587. So, unless by corruption, or by any other method, the attempt could be put off for that year, there was no strength ready to resist so powerful a fleet. But when it seemed not possible to prevent the present execution of so great a design, a merchant of London, to their surprise, undertook it. He was well acquainted with the revenues of Spain, with all the charges and all that they could raise. He knew all their funds were swallowed up, that it was impossible for them to victual and set out their fleet but by their credit in the Bank of Genoa. So he undertook to write to all the places of trade, and to get such drafts made on that bank, that he should by that means have it so entirely in his hands that there should be no money current there—equal to the great occasion of victualing the fleet of Spain. He records the keeping of such a treasure dead in his hands, till the season of victualing was over, would be a loss of forty thousand pounds sterling, and at that rate he could save England. He managed the matter with such secrecy and success that the fleet could not be sent out that year. At so small a price, and with so skillful management was the nation saved at that time! This, it seems, was thought too great a mystery of state to be communicated to Camden, or to be published by him, when the instructions were put in his hands for writing the history of that glorious reign. But the famous Boyle, Earl of Cork, who had great share in the affairs of Ireland, came to know it, and told it to two of his children.

EQUALITY IN HEAVEN.—In heaven all distinctions fade, all ranks are lost, all forms of earthly fellowship are obliterated, and men stand alike honored and welcomed in the presence of their Maker, because they are saved by his grace and not by their own merit. There

"Names, and sects, and parties fall,
And thou, O Christ, art all in all."

It is said that John Wesley once in the visions of the night found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked, and asked who were within. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer, "a great many." "Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Presbyterians?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many." Disappointed and dismayed, especially at the last reply, he turned his steps upward and found himself at the gates of paradise, and here he repeated the same questions. "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Whom have you then here?" he asked in astonishment. "We know nothing here," was the reply, "of any of those names that you have mentioned. The only name of which we know any thing here is Christian; we are all Christians here, and of these we have a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—The New York Evening Post relates the following incident:

While one of the Massachusetts regiments was in this city on its way to Washington, a gentleman residing here met one of its members on the street.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, sir?" said the New Yorker, his heart warming toward the representative of the brave Massachusetts militia, who had so promptly answered the call of their country. The soldier hesitated a moment, and, finally raising one of his feet, exhibited a boot with a hole in the toe, and generally the worse for wear.

"How came you here with such boots as that, my friend?" asked the patriotic citizen.

"When the order came for me to join my company, sir," replied the soldier, "I was plowing in the same field at Concord where my grandfather was plowing when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. He did not wait a moment, and I did not, sir."

It is unnecessary to add that the soldier was immediately supplied with an excellent pair of boots.

VALUE OF APPLICATION.—Genius is a good thing, but industry is better. Smiles, in his Self-Help, takes a correct view:

Accident does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel.

COURTESY AT HOME.—We trust that few of our readers need the hint suggested in the following extract:

Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If any thing goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable, there it is made the best of, not the worse; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; it is attributable to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible

at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home and as anxious to please as in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests could not fail to make home happy.

CONSCIENCE AN ACCUSER.—Rev. J. Lanahan, in a notice of the 19th of April Baltimore murders, published in *The Methodist*, says:

The Scriptures furnish many exemplifications to the fact that an evil deed will "stick to a man through life," and of the power of conscience to punish the evil-doer.

When Cain killed his brother because he was loyal to his God, there was no statutory law for the punishment of the murderer, and but for conscience he might have enjoyed all the tranquillity of innocence. But that oracular despot pursued him with a troop of fears, and smote him as with a scorpion scourge. The mangled body of his brother was ever before him, and the cry of blood followed him. No human hand touched him. No armed soldiers pursued him. God left him to his own reflections, imprisoned him in the gloomy dungeon of his own thoughts, and his voice comes down through the ages—"My punishment is greater than I can bear."

When the sons of Jacob had sought to kill their brother by casting him into a deep pit, and afterward sold him into Egypt, they seemed to feel no remorse; but that terrible deed "stuck to them through life." And after the lapse of years, when misfortune besieged them, and conscience smote them as with a flaming sword, they cried out, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear him; therefore is this evil come upon us."

Herod directed his men to kill John the Baptist, a noble soldier in God's army. Henceforth, the grave of the Baptist was the grave of his peace, and with all his trappings of royalty he became but a gilded monument of woe. The past rose behind him—a picture-gallery of crime, and the future stretched before him—a long, long agony. Neither the splendors of empire, nor the scepter of power, nor the thunders of battle, nor the shouts of triumph could silence the accusing cry of conscience. And when the Lord Jesus went through the land binding death in chains, and publishing truth, as if expecting the immediate visitation of wrath, Herod exclaimed, "*It is John whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead.*" "It stuck to him through life."

There is another example, so revolting that his guilt stands petrified, and casts a shadow, as it were, of blood on the world. "It had been better for that man that a millstone had been hanged about his neck, and that he had been drowned in the depths of the sea." One fearful deed sealed his doom, and conscience, like an aroused giant, rose upon him and slew him. His name is the synonym of unequalled guilt, and his memory hangs gibbeted on the page of history. "One of you is a devil." "It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

WORKING WITH GOD.—What an ennobling thought it is that we may be workers together with God!

"Work, for it is God that worketh in you." This beautiful union of holy fear, and yet holy courage, of entire dependence upon God, and yet unabated, jealous "diligence to make our calling and election sure," is attainable only, nay, I might say, intelligible only to a spiritual mind. Not that there is any inexplicable mystery in their connection—men are continually acting in the affairs of life in the same way. They clear their ground, sow their crops, go through all the toils of husbandry with unremitting diligence, and show they can do no more. They watch for the increase, they think of it, they talk of it with the deepest interest, while yet it is undeniable that they can not make a single blade of wheat spring up or bear produce. The sun must shine upon it, the rain must water it, the earth must nourish it—they can command none of these. God must work with them and for them from first to last, and it is all of his good pleasure, when he will

and how he will, and for aught they know, frost or flood, blight or drought, may spoil all their labors in a moment. But do they, therefore, desist from their toil and say, It is all of God, what can I do, or what need I do?—far from it. God has connected their labor and his blessing, and men know this; and, therefore, though utterly unable to insure the least profitable result from their toil, they rise up early, and take late rest, and work as if success depends absolutely and only on their unassisted efforts. Alas, that men should be so wise for time, so foolish for eternity!

THE DIAMOND AND MAN.—We too often forget that God, in his superior wisdom, uses the weakest things as elements of power, and produces the grandest results from the most insignificant causes.

The diamond, though exceeding in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass of gold, the most cherished treasure of kings, and the most brilliant ornament of their crown, is of all precious stones "the meanest in its elements, the weakest in its structure, and the most perishable in its nature; a lump of coal heat reduces to a cinder and dissipates into that insalubrious gas, which ascends from the most putrid marsh;" its native bed is among rough valleys, barren rocks, and desolate regions. He who can take such elements, so valueless and perishable in themselves, and form them into a brilliant so dazzling, so precious, and so enduring can take such elements as those found in the nature of fallen man, an offcast in this world of pollution, and form them into a gem which shall be the brightest ornament of heaven, and a peculiar treasure of the King of kings, set in the very front of his crown, worn on his heart.

THE BED-CHAMBER.—The place where men spend nearly a third part of their lives can not be indifferent to them.

Looked at without educated associations, there is no difference between a man in bed and a man in a coffin. And yet such is the power of the heart to redeem the animal life that there is nothing more exquisitely refined, and pure, and beautiful than the chamber of the house. The couch! From the day that the bride sanctifies it to the day when the aged mother is borne from it, it stands clothed with loveliness and dignity. Cursed be the tongue that dares speak evil of the household bed! By its side oscillates the cradle. Not far from it is the crib. In this sacred precinct, the mother's chamber, lies the heart of the family. Here the child learns its prayer. Hither, night by night, angels troop. It is the holy of holies.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.—It is proper at the beginning of a new year to review our past life, and to make new resolves for the future.

Aim at an elevated life. Seek to live so near to God that you shall not be overwhelmed by those amazing sorrows which you may soon encounter, nor surprised by that decease which may come upon you in a moment, suddenly. Let prayer never be a form. Always realize it as an approach to the living God for some specific purpose, and learn to watch for the returns of prayer. Let the word of God dwell in you richly. That sleep will be sweet, and that awaking hallowed where a text of Scripture or a stanza of a spiritual song imbues the last thoughts of consciousness. See that you make progress. See that, when the year is closing, you have not all the evil tempers and infirmities of character which now afflict you; but see to it that if God grant you to sit down on the Ebenezer of another closing year, you may be able to look back on radiant spots where you enjoyed seasons of spiritual refreshing and victories over enemies heretofore too strong for you.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes, for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

DIPHTHERIA AN OLD VISITOR IN NEW ENGLAND.—The throat disease, now known as diphtheria, is an old disease with a new name. The word is from a Greek word signifying skin, and should be spelled diphtheria, and not, as it usually is, diptheria. This disease visited this country as long ago as 1737, and raged with great violence. We find, says the Portland Transcript, in Parson Smith's Journal, frequent notices of its ravages in that region. Under date of October 31, 1727, he says a fast was held on account of this throat distemper. It was epidemic; and, commencing at Kingston, New Hampshire, spread through New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and was two years in reaching the Hudson River. In New Hampshire not less than one thousand persons fell victims to this malignant distemper, and in Boston four thousand persons had the disease, and one hundred and fourteen died. In May, 1737, Parson Smith mentions that seventy-five had died of it in that town. Under date of October 13, 1737, he says: "The distemper is still bad at Scarborough. Not one has lived that has had it of late." It was the most fatal scourge that ever visited New England, and rapidly hurried its subjects to the grave; the throat swelled, became covered with ash-colored specks, great debility and prostration ensued, with putrefaction. Under the improved methods of treatment of the present day, it is less fatal.

GROWTH OF THE POSTAL SYSTEM.—An English paper says: The estimate of the expenses of the post-office for the current year is a strange contrast to such an estimate thirty years since. The conveyance of mails by railways in 1861 will cost £643,400, while mail coaches, of which our fathers were so proud, get a vote—which is declining every year—of only £13,870. 193 sorters and clerks are required for the traveling post-office. The mere apparatus for exchanging bags on the railways causes an outlay of nearly £2,000 a year, and the supply and repair of mail-bags above £11,000. The poundage allowed for the sale of postage labels at the post-offices is described as exceeding £21,000 a year. The letter-carriers, sorters, and messengers now constitute a little army of above 11,000 men, and their year's pay exceeds £520,000.

ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF MUSHROOMS.—A method has been discovered and reported to the Academy of Sciences for producing mushrooms artificially in any locality. Dr. Labourette, the discoverer, first develops mushrooms by placing spores on a glass on which he has spread sand and water. He selects the most vigorous ones, and it is with the mycelium of these that he obtains the magnificent specimens of mushrooms he exhibited to the Academy. He disposes his ground in the following manner: Some damp earth, composed of vegetable matter from a swamp, and placed in a cellar, is covered with a layer ten inches thick of sand and river gravel, and this in turn by another composed of plaster derived from the demolition of houses, six inches thick. He sprinkles this earth-bed with

water containing two grammes of azotate of potash to the square yard, after having first sown thereon the mycelium. The specimens shown at the Academy had grown in six days, and the discoverer asserts that the action of the azotate of potash lasts six years.

SPECTERS OF SOLAR METALS—THE SUN ANALYZED.—When metals are consumed by fire, it has been discovered that each, in its vapor, manifests the presence of a special spectrum—spirit or ghost, as it were, of the departed metal—whereby the nature of the metal may with certainty be recognized; not only so, but that, although mixed with the vapors of other metals, each spectrum remains perfectly distinguishable from every other. The variously-colored lights produced by the combustion of the metals are passed through a glass prism, and the images are received on a white screen, on which "magical mirror" appear the separate spectra, which never vary for each metal. In this way it is said to have been ascertained, by two associated German chemists at Heidelberg, not only that metallic vapors exist in the solar atmosphere, but what these actually are—namely, iron, nickel, sodium, magnesium, and others of the earthy bases common to the globe on which we live. Should there be no unperceived source of error or illusion in this, here is the way to a wonderful revelation of mysteries. The purity or impurity of many substances, it is said, has thus been ascertained under circumstances where no other method would have been of any avail. The presence of poisons, too, may thus be tested. A new metal, or metal with a new spectrum, has already been discovered in a spring of water, and the metal has been obtained, although it took several tuns of water to produce a few grains.

METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The Methodist Sunday School Union began in 1844. It has been in operation, therefore, seventeen years. A comparison of the Sunday school statistics of the Methodist Church, then and now, gives the following results:

Number of	In 1844.	In 1861.
Schools.....	5,000.....	14,000
Teachers.....	47,000.....	150,000
Scholars.....	300,000.....	850,000

This shows a net increase in seventeen years of 9,000 schools, 103,000 teachers, and 550,000 scholars. It shows, also, in the Methodist division of the great Sunday school army in the United States at this day, including scholars and teachers, no less than *one million of souls!*

The increase in the Sunday school literature of the Church has been equally great. In 1844 they had on their list 500 bound, and about an equal number of unbound publications. In 1861 they have 1,300 bound, and about an equal number of unbound publications, exclusive of school requisites. The circulation of the Sunday School Advocate is 200,000. The Union assists annually 1,800 poor schools and circulates 60,000 volumes.

LINEN MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND.—The number of spindles in Ireland, running in the manufacture of flax, is 550,000, employing 27,000 people. One spindle produces about the same quantity of yarn which two women could do by the old process.

LARGEST FORTRESS IN THE WORLD.—Eighteen miles from Warsaw stands the largest fortress in the world—a fortress with casemated and bomb-proof barracks for 40,000 men, and with a circumference of eleven miles. It is known as the Maolin, or the New Georgian; in Russian, Novo-Giorgievsk. No stranger can visit it without the special permission of the Czar.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—Thomas Wildey, the founder of the Independent order of Oddfellows in the United States, died on the 19th of October, at his residence in Baltimore. Mrs. H. P. Brown, author of the hymn, "I love to steal a while away," died at Henry, Ill., on the 10th of October, aged 78 years. Schlosser, the historian, died at Heidelberg, Germany, on the 24th of September, aged 85 years. He was the author of a voluminous history of the 18th century, and of the period of the French Revolution. Asbury Dickens, the late Secretary of the Senate, died recently, aged 90 years. He had been in this position for a number of years, and had twice occupied the position of Secretary of State.

FLAME-PROOF FABRICS.—Muslins, etc., steeped in a seven per cent. solution of ammonia, or a twenty per cent. solution of tungstate of soda, and then dried, may be held in a flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire. That portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and consequently the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material. It will cost little, and may save lives.

A BRITISH VIEW OF AMERICA.—American institutions are rarely understood abroad; but we find occasionally a candid and enlightened critic of our country and its Government. Mr. Cassell, the British publisher and traveler, says: "One result of our American journey will be to render us henceforth very cautious as to expressing an opinion of the institutions of a country which we have not visited, or of which our knowledge is confined to the principal cities. Had our observations of American manners and institutions extended no farther than New York, how erroneous would have been our views! A Western State like Wisconsin, and a Western city like Milwaukee, present unanswerable testimony in favor of American institutions. Here we see the ordinary working of those institutions on a virgin soil, apart from extraneous influences; and the results, which are patent to the world, are perfect civil and religious freedom, high moral and intellectual development, and unexampled prosperity."

NEW WHALING GROUND.—The New Bedford whalers have discovered a great whaling ground, where the ocean fairly swarms with the monsters, away up in high northern latitudes where icebergs and white bears abound. The place named is 1,500 miles west of Cumberland Inlet, in latitude 65°—off to the west of Greenland, and west of Davis's Straits. It has never been

visited by whalers before, either American or foreign. No ship has been there since the expedition of Parry and Lyon, in 1822.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD PRODUCT.—In less than ten years, says the Melbourne Herald, with a *bona-fide* gold-mining population never exceeding 60,000 to 80,000 souls, and now believed to be much less, owing to the withdrawal of the people to other pursuits, without a corresponding increase by immigration, we have raised between 22,000,000 and 23,000,000 ounces of gold, valued at between £90,000,000 and £95,000,000 sterling, which has stimulated every branch of trade and industry in the colony, and otherwise tended to enrich it. We began with a gold export of less than £60,000 in 1851, and raised it to more than £10,000,000 in 1852. We dropped it to between £9,000,000 and £10,000,000 in 1854, and raised it to £11,000,000 and upward in 1855, and continued at that rate till 1858. We then came down to £9,000,000, or thereabouts, in 1859; and in 1860 it was, in all probability, not much less.

AMERICAN STREET RAILROADS IN EUROPE.—A horse-car railroad at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, England, and a similar enterprise at London, have both been inaugurated under the auspices of an American. Several other contracts, for similar cities in continental Europe, have likewise been made. Street railroads are about to be commenced at Hamburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Pesth, in Hungary. These roads are to be built by American engineers. The cars and other appurtenances will be made in this country, and the whole work will be done in the very best manner.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—The Russian navy now consists of 234 steam and 71 sailing vessels, carrying 3,851 guns, including vessels now in course of construction. Besides these, the Russian Government owns 474 ships, for service in the different harbors, and for transport. In the course of 1860, 156 vessels, of different size and class, were equipped for sea.

LATHE SAWING.—M. Athanase Dupre has invented methods of sawing which are of considerable value in practice. By means of cylindrical saws he cuts a cane or an umbrella handle so that it can be polished with sand-paper, or cuts out the sides of a small barrel or a circular wooden measure. He is able to cut a log of wood into a single thin board of great width by slicing it longitudinally, gradually approaching the heart from the bark to the center. This will be of value in furnishing broad panels, otherwise difficult to obtain.

COAL OIL COMMERCE.—Coal oil forms quite a regular business of transport for the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. The number of barrels containing crude oil transported over this road to New York for the nine months, from January 1st to October 1st, was as follows:

January.....	15,092	June.....	7,685
February.....	9,621	July.....	11,896
March.....	4,383	August.....	17,197
April.....	5,521	September.....	18,375
May.....	7,228		
Total barrels carried in nine months.....			96,998

For the year the oil trade of the road will almost reach 150,000 barrels.

Library Notices.

(1.) *THE OKAVANGO RIVER: A Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By Charles John Anderson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 414 pp. \$2.—Africa, which has been as a sealed book to the outside world for so many ages, is slowly opening itself to our perusal, and we are beginning to find out something of its geography, natural history, vegetable and mineral stores, and the character of its civilization. The travels of Mungo Park, and the Landers, were read with eager interest, and no novel could have so absorbed the attention as these charming volumes. Since their day, the English, French, and American people have planted successful settlements along the coast of Africa; the slave-trade has rapidly declined, and commercial relations have sprung up with various negro tribes on both sides of the continent. What in our school days was marked in the atlases as "unexplored regions," has been partially mapped out by enterprising travelers; the Mountains of the Moon have ceased to be the barrier of research; the sources of the Nile have been discovered; the Niger has been navigated; large lakes have been found, deep rivers traced, towns and cities visited, and the treasures of a great continent disclosed to the Christian world. They who have read the narratives of Livingstone, Gordon Cumming, Burton, or Du Chailu, will find this volume equally interesting and instructive.

(2.) *THE LAST TRAVELS OF IDA PFEIFFER: Inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar.* Edited by her Son, and translated by H. W. Dulcken. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 281 pp. \$1.25.—The first journey of Madame Pfeiffer was undertaken in 1842 to the Holy Land and adjacent countries. On her return home she published an account of her travels, which gave her a considerable remuneration in the form of copy-right money; and this awakened in her fresh plans for new adventures. In 1845 she visited Iceland and the North; and subsequently circumnavigated the globe twice, visiting almost every country of Asia and the Western Continent; and accomplished her last travels in a visit to Madagascar. The hardships experienced in this journey hastened her death. She returned to Vienna in declining health, and died at the house of her brother on the 27th of October, 1858. She was an intelligent observer, and a good writer; and though she performed her journeys alone, she "did not," as her biographer remarks, "give those who saw her the impression of an emancipated, strong-minded, or masculine woman. On the contrary, she was so simple and downright in word and thought that those who did not know her had some difficulty in getting at the depth of her knowledge and experience. On her whole appearance and manners there was a quiet staidness that seemed to indicate a practical housewife, with no enthusiastic thought beyond her domestic concerns."

(3.) *CATALOGUES.*—1. Wesleyan University, Joseph Cummings, D. D., President, assisted by 7 professors and

teachers. Freshmen, 52; Sophomores, 39; Juniors, 30; Seniors, 29. Total, 150. Our thanks are due to Prof. Foss for a copy of the Catalogue. 2. Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. John M. Reid, D. D., is President of the College Department, assisted by four professors. Of the Seminary, Rev. Zenas Hurd, A. M., is Principal, assisted by 9 teachers. Students: College, 140; Seminary, 635. 3. Amenia Seminary, Amenia, New York; Andrew J. Hunt, Principal, assisted by 8 teachers. Students, 250. 4. New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College; Rev. C. W. Cushing, A. M., President; Rev. R. M. Manley, A. M., Principal. 7 teachers, 322 students.

(4.) *MINUTES.*—1. Rock River Conference. Bishop Simpson, President; J. H. Vincent, Secretary. 2. Central Illinois Conference. Bishop Ames, President; John P. Brooks, Secretary. 3. Detroit Conference. Bishop Ames, President; S. Clements, jr., Secretary. 4. Upper Iowa Conference. Bishop Scott, President; Rev. R. W. Keeler, Secretary.

(5.) *PAMPHLETS.*—1. American Sovereignty: A Sermon by Rev. T. H. Stockton, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, U. S. 2. Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men. By John S. Hart, LL. D. An excellent address, which we intend to lay under contribution. 3. America and Her Destiny: An Inspirational Discourse, Given Extemporaneously by the Spirits, through Emma Hardinge. We advise "Emma" to let "the spirits" alone, get married, and "go to housekeeping." 4. A Fast-Day Sermon, preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Urbana, Ohio, by Rev. Clinton W. Sears, pastor. An eloquent and scathing rebuke of the great national sin of slavery as the cause of the present civil war, and whose barbarism is evidenced by the manner in which it is conducted by the rebels. 5. The Cause, the Crime, and the Cure of our National Suicide: A Fast-Day Sermon, by Rev. Daniel Steele, delivered in the Baptist Church, Springfield, Ohio. This, too, is another voice from the pulpit, giving utterance to truths which the people ought to know and feel.

(6.) *METHODIST ALMANAC FOR 1862.*—Gotten up in the usual style. It ought to be in every Methodist household.

(7.) *LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW*, for October, 1861. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. Cincinnati: George N. Lewis.

(8.) *CELEBRATION OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE.*—The Ohio Conference is the mother of a noble group of daughters. The celebration exercises consist of—A Commemoration Sermon, by Rev. John Stewart; A Historical Sketch of the Western Conference, by Rev. Z. Connell; and a Historical Sketch of the Ohio Conference, by Rev. J. M. Trimble, D. D. The whole is in excellent good taste, and makes a pamphlet of rare value. 8vo. 66 pp. Published at the Western Book Concern.

Editor's Table.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.—Such is the good old phrase which is repeated annually by tens of thousands; sometimes a mere conventional compliment, sometimes a simple expression of good-will, sometimes a warm and earnest aspiration. "A happy New-Year" is what we all desire for ourselves and should wish for one another. But to realize it in either case requires more than the mere utterance of the wish.

Is it not good sometimes to stop the whirling machinery of commercial and business activity—the ever-revolving wheels within wheels which are about us every-where, and of which we form a part? Is it not good to rest awhile, to take stock of our inner selves, as we post up our ledgers and prepare our balance-sheet of trade, and to ascertain mentally and morally whether we are any the better for the sayings and doings of the by-gone year. No other time is so appropriate for this stock-taking as the day which ushers in the new year. The merchant finds this annual stock-taking a necessity. The Christian may not omit it.

This number will reach most of our readers by or before the dawning of the new year. Happy may you be, dear friends, at the beginning of the new year, happy may you be during its progress, and happy may you be at its end! A lively faith in God and an ardent love will conduce to this more than all else.

VIEW ON THE ESOPUS.—An unpracticed observer might pass by the scene here represented a hundred times and see nothing in it beyond a convenient pasture for cattle with a sufficiency of water and shade. For plowing he might deem it too rough, and for tillage too rocky. Its timber might not be considered worth cutting, even for fire-wood, and, as for carrying grain or produce to market, the roads would probably be thought too hilly and uneven. But the artist recognized in it something more than its economic value—he saw its *beauty*, and transferred it to canvas. In the background are the Catskill Mountains, almost bleak and rocky, but presenting a clearly-defined outline against the blue sky. In the middle distance the scene is skirted by a grove of timber, while "embowered soft in shade" stands the white cottage of the proprietor. Nearest the spectator are the ledges of massive rocks, the gnarled and half-dead oak, the rivulet, whose surface is scarcely broken by a ripple, the bushes which bend their stems down to the water, and the sedge which fringes its margin. The cattle, tired with feeding, repose in the sunshine ruminating, or have come down to the brook to satisfy their thirst. How peaceful and quiet the landscape *reposes*! The artist seems to have caught the spirit which nature has breathed over it, and introduced us to it in his graphic delineation.

Of the character of the engraving it is scarcely necessary to speak. Mr. Hinshelwood is one of our best engravers, and this picture one of his best productions.

"TO AND FROM CONFERENCE" was mislaid till the time proper for its insertion had passed. We shall be glad to hear from its author again.

ARTICLES OF UNCERTAIN DESTINY.—We have not fully resolved to reject the following articles, nor have we yet determined to use them:

Prose.—Legacies of Thought; Thoughts on Night; Contentment; Choice of Voluptas and Applicatio; American Women; Kind Words; Fountain in the Desert; Fourth of July, 1776; The Christian Scholar; Labor, the Secret of Success; My Early Friend; Theory of the Beautiful in Dress; The Old Stone Chimney; View From Nagasaki; To Parents and Teachers; St. Paul and Vails; What is Life; The Palestine Class; Ways of Providence; Fountains; Diverse Abilities; The Heart's Fountains; Scolding; Novels; Inventions; Early Methodist Itinerants; Knowledge of Human Nature; Toil Made Easy; The Recompense; A Reminiscence; The Mother's Teaching; Encouragements and Admonitions.

Poetry.—For Thee; Implores Pacem; God Keep Our Army Pure; Evening Song; Dew Drops; Look Up; On the Shore; The Decree; Human Life; The Widow's Lament; My Grave; Prayer; Memory's Flowers; One Hope Only; Sic Transit; Dying; Living Faithfully; Wants; Eras of Life; Voice From the Other Shore; Sleeping Flowers; Voice of the Winds; Think of God; A Rural Scene; Eternity; The Cross of Gold; Dust to Dust; The Battle of Life; An Evening Song; Music; The River; Their Rock is not Our Rock; The Moss-Rose Bud and the Nightingale; Angel May; The Star of Dawn; Who Shall Prevail? Submission; Our Ninth Anniversary of Wedded Life.

NOTE FROM REV. S. L. BALDWIN—A TOUCHING PARAGRAPH.—The best introduction we can give to the following extract is the note which accompanied it. We hardly know which is the most touching. The extract is from a letter written to Mrs. Baldwin by an old schoolmate. It was written in the very "parsonage" from which her friend had gone forth to her distant missionary field. She to whom it was addressed has since "gone over the dark river," leaving a precious legacy to her friends and to the Church of Christ. Brother Baldwin's note was not designed for publication, but it is too pertinent to be omitted:

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1861.

Dear Brother Clark,—Looking over some of the "letters from home," received in China during my stay there, I found the one from which the accompanying extract is taken. It seems to me really beautiful and touching. But it may be only my personal interest in it that causes this impression. I well remember how freely the tears flowed when we were reading it in our China home. If you deem it worthy of a place in your "Editor's Table," or some other corner of the Repository, you are welcome to it. And if not, you will pardon me for troubling you.

I expect to return to my field next Summer, but she who lighted up my missionary home with her smiles, and cheered me in my work by her strong faith in God, has joined "the heavenly throng." Her mission work ended soon, but not too soon; for "He doeth all things well."

Yours, for the "great commission,"

S. L. BALDWIN.

"I can not realize that you are so far away; that while the dim night draws its shadows round us, you are waking

to a new day. I am sad when I think of you so far away from this pleasant home; so far away from the mother whose lips syllable your name so lovingly; so far from all the old faces and the old places. I am sad, sometimes; but I almost envy you, Nellie, after all. When sometimes J. holds me tight in her sleep, and murmurs 'dear Nellie,' or your mother's eyes dim when she speaks of you, or your father's voice quivers as he prays God to guard and keep the beloved one so far away—I almost envy you this wealth of love. There is hardly an hour but that your name is spoken.

"There are distances that are wider than half round the world—oceans whose waves we may not pass till we receive the baptism of immortality. My own dear mother has gone over the dark river. No note or tidings come to us from that far land where she dwells. No echo comes back when we call her name. I know that 'death can not long divide,' but I can not learn to live without the love that was the sunshine of the affections."

STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—

The following table exhibits the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church as drawn from the Minutes:

CONFERENCES.	TRAV. PREACHERS.			Local Preach	NUMBERS IN SOCIETY.		
	Effect.	Sup.	Total.		Members	Probab.	Total.
Baltimore	170	20	190	207	39,662	3,919	43,581
Black River	179	30	209	161	20,015	2,936	22,951
California	90	9	99	96	3,705	547	4,252
Central Illinois	141	5	146	258	17,416	1,792	19,208
Central Ohio	97	15	112	159	16,000	1,434	17,434
Cincinnati	171	19	190	264	32,025	2,526	34,551
Detroit	136	8	144	191	14,546	1,919	16,465
East Baltimore	207	23	230	209	33,724	5,777	39,501
East Genesee	170	27	197	147	18,010	2,182	20,192
East Maine	88	16	104	74	6,703	2,378	11,141
Erie	186	30	216	270	26,280	2,856	29,136
German Mission	22	—	22	18	1,354	827	2,181
Genesee	105	8	113	103	8,983	733	9,716
Illinois	170	13	183	418	27,524	3,369	30,893
Indiana	119	11	130	227	24,595	3,514	28,109
Iowa	97	8	105	221	17,036	1,849	18,885
Kansas	78	3	81	106	3,932	1,425	5,357
Kentucky	19	1	20	33	2,844	561	3,405
Liberia	16	6	22	36	1,319	90	1,409
Maine	104	23	127	101	11,326	1,890	13,216
Michigan	119	6	125	187	14,222	1,792	16,014
Minnesota	100	16	116	84	4,682	1,159	5,841
Missouri	72	6	78	117	5,118	1,127	6,245
Nebraska	22	—	22	20	948	376	1,324
Newark	129	15	144	93	20,221	3,387	23,608
New England	163	29	192	104	17,601	2,429	20,030
New Hampshire	100	25	125	118	11,022	1,768	12,790
New Jersey	122	11	133	161	22,542	4,172	26,714
New York	231	31	262	189	33,455	5,312	38,767
New York East	157	37	194	217	27,753	3,436	31,189
North Indiana	113	11	124	251	20,404	5,673	26,077
North Ohio	134	15	149	171	17,757	1,606	19,363
N. W. Indiana	99	12	111	148	15,502	1,546	17,048
N. W. Wisconsin	37	3	40	31	2,027	385	2,412
Ohio	161	13	174	263	31,615	3,329	34,944
Oneida	155	34	189	134	18,976	2,477	21,453
Oregon	43	8	51	58	2,233	628	2,861
Philadelphia	240	21	261	343	56,648	7,381	64,029
Pittsburg	212	18	230	282	38,488	6,818	45,306
Providence	123	15	138	98	14,220	1,443	15,663
Rock River	163	23	186	277	18,487	2,500	20,987
S. E. Indiana	112	18	130	153	19,706	1,904	21,610
South Illinois	131	11	142	364	19,505	3,856	23,361
Troy	159	43	202	140	23,599	3,387	26,986
Upper Iowa	140	7	147	192	12,969	1,713	14,712
Vermont	126	21	147	104	12,452	1,815	14,267
Western Iowa	48	4	52	107	5,733	1,028	6,761
West Virginia	85	9	94	193	18,410	3,382	21,792
W. Wisconsin	69	10	79	141	7,107	925	8,032
Wisconsin	133	12	145	165	9,596	1,322	10,918
Wyoming	98	12	110	155	13,719	2,477	16,196
Total in 1861.	6,161	771	6,930	8,350	805,446	123,077	928,523
Total in 1860.	6,163	633	6,796	8,188	859,726	134,721	994,447
Increase	—	138	—	171	5,720	—	—
Decrease	2	—	57	—	—	11,644	5,924

The number of supernumerary preachers in 1860 was 191. There are 9,922 church edifices and 2,763 parsonages, which is an increase of 187 churches and 89 parsonages. The increase in the value of church property during the year is \$524,115.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE COMING YEAR.—The appropriations made by the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1862, at their late session, which closed on Monday evening, November 11th, are as follows:

Foreign Missions.		This Year against Last Year.	
India	\$34,400	"	\$36,820
Liberia	15,003	"	22,015
China	13,829	"	22,076
Bulgaria	6,036	"	6,000
(Two additional helpers.)			
Germany	16,699	"	20,688
Scandinavia	12,820	"	10,895
(\$5,000 for a church in Copenhagen.)			
South America	1,000	"	2,000
Arizona	500	"	2,000
		\$100,297	\$119,994
Domestic Missions.			
Indian	3,600	"	5,150
German	37,250	"	50,850
Other Foreign Populations	9,350	"	12,600
American Domestic	74,650	"	88,135
Contingent Fund, Incidental and Office	30,000	"	28,671
		\$255,147	
Toward deficiency		40,000	
Grand Total		\$295,147	\$305,400

The total collections for the past year amounted to \$225,084. Every thing indicates that our people are determined to give this right arm of power in the Church their hearty and undivided support.

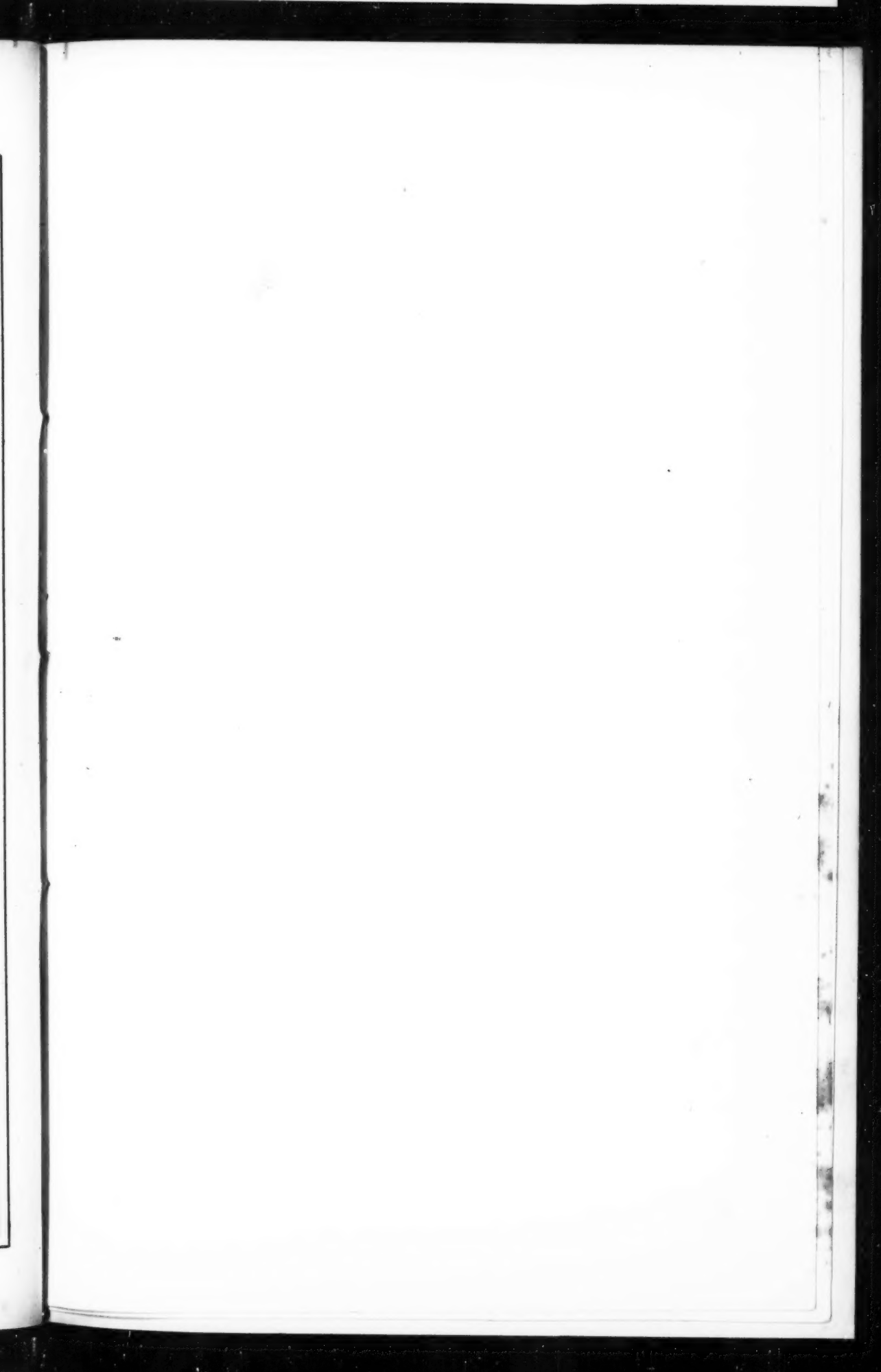
REV. G. BATTELLE, D. D., is, we are glad to see, a member of the Convention in Western Virginia for the formation of the new State Constitution. Mr. Battelle has not only been a staunch Union man from the beginning, but has rendered great service to the cause of the country. He will be one of the most efficient, and at the same time one of the most discreet members of the Convention.

DR. HAVEN A SENATOR.—The popular editor of Zion's Herald has been elected to a seat in the Senate of the Massachusetts Legislature from Middlesex county.

REV. H. MATTISON.—This brother has at length withdrawn from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a man of uncommon industry, energy, and talent, and was capable of occupying an honorable and useful place in the Church. But for the few past years it has been evident that some sphere *outside* of the Church would be more fitting for him than any post in it. His "Reasons for Withdrawing" have been received. The publication of them was quite superfluous.

AID FOR OUR VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.—The young ladies of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, have been engaged in the work of preparing socks for the soldiers of our army. They made and sent to the 35th Regiment of Ohio Volunteers one hundred pairs of prime socks. We trust the young ladies in all our female colleges will follow so noble an example. To be assured that they are remembered at home will cheer the heart and nerve the arm of many a brave volunteer.

NOTE TO THE AGENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—Cheering assurances come to us from every quarter. Yet we are not blind to the fact that the most strenuous efforts will be required on the part of all the friends of the Repository to keep up its present subscription list. We earnestly invite the attention of all the authorized agents to the special circular they will receive from the Publishers in connection with their "specimen number."





CHOCORUA PEAK.
(WHITE MOUNTAINS)

(WHITE MOUNTAINS)

